

ENGLISH
PROSE SELECTIONS
FOR
COLLEGE CLASSES

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OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study: and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others: but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books: else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and

writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write he read little, he had need have much cunning, to confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the school-men; for they are *Cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Essays.

OF MYSELF

ABRAHAM COWLEY

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my

body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of the ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.

Rumour can ope the grave ;
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them—I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with
the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace),
and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love

of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as irremediably as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both

militant and triumphant, for that was the state then of the English and French courts; yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from His Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd

prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at court nor in the war,
Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar ;
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
Which neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I have resolved on ; I cast myself into it *a corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease": I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum*. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

—Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest ;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

Martial, Lib. 10, EP. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, etc.

Since, dearest friend, 't is your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me ;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all :
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call ;
Let this estate from parents' care descend :
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food.
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.

Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well the allotted part.
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish the approaches of the last.

Martial, Lib. 10, EP. 96.

Me, who have lived so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat:
And a retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote so e'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it there,
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little lukewarm fires are to you sold.
There fire's an element as cheap and free
Almost as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score:
The Place's bounty there, shall give me more.

Essays in Prose and Verse

TRUE COURAGE

JOHN LOCKE

FORTITUDE is the guard and support of the other virtues, and without courage a man will scarce keep steady to his duty, and fill up the character of a truly worthy man. Courage that makes us bear up against dangers that we fear and evils that we feel is of great use in an estate, as ours is in this life, exposed to assaults on all hands, and therefore it is very advisable to get children into this armour as early as we can.

Natural temper, I confess, does here a great deal; but even where that is defective, and the heart is in itself weak and timorous, it may, by a right management, be brought to a better resolution. What is to be done to prevent breaking children's spirits by frightful apprehensions instilled into them when young, or bemoaning themselves under every little suffering, I have already taken notice: how to harden their tempers and raise their courage, if we find them too much subject to fear, is further to be considered.

True fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty whatever evil besets or danger lies in his way. This there are so few men attain to that we are not to expect it from children. But yet something may be done, and a wise conduct by insensible degrees may carry them further than one expects.

The neglect of this great care of them whilst they are young is the reason, perhaps, why there are so few that have this virtue in its full latitude when they are men. I should not say this in a nation so naturally brave as ours is, did I think that true fortitude require'd

nothing but courage in the field, and a contempt of life in the face of an enemy. This, I confess, is not the least part of it, nor can be denied the laurels and honours always justly due to the valour of those who venture their lives for their country.

But yet this is not all. Dangers attack us in other places besides the field of battle, and though death be the king of terrors, yet pain, disgrace, and poverty have frightful looks, able to discompose most men whom they seem ready to seize on; and there are those who condemn some of these, and yet are heartily frightened with the other. True fortitude is prepared for dangers of all kinds, and unmoved whatsoever evil it be that threatens. I do not mean unmoved with any fear at all. Where danger shows itself, apprehension cannot, without stupidity, be wanting; where danger is, sense of danger should be; and so much fear should keep us awake, and excite our attention, industry, and vigour, but not disturb the calm use of our reason, nor hinder the execution of what that dictates.

The first step to get this noble and manly steadiness is what I have above mentioned—carefully to keep children from frights of all kinds when they are young. Let not any fearful apprehensions be talked into them, nor terrible objects surprise them. This often so shatters and discomposes the spirits that they never recover it again; but during their whole life, upon the first suggestion or appearance of any terrifying idea, are scattered and confounded, the body is enervated and the mind disturbed, and the man scarce himself, or capable of any composed or rational action. Instances of such who in a weak, timorous mind have borne, all their whole lives through, the effects of a fright when

they were young are everywhere to be seen, and therefore as much as may be to be prevented.

The next thing is, by gentle degrees, to accustom children to those things they are too much afraid of. But here great caution is to be used that you do not make too much haste, nor attempt this cure too early, for fear lest you increase the mischief instead of remedying it. Little ones in arms may be easily kept out of the way of terrifying objects, and till they can talk and understand what is said to them, are scarce capable of that reasoning and discourse which should be used to let them know there is no harm in those frightful objects which we would make them familiar with, and do, to that purpose, by gentle degrees, bring nearer and nearer to them. But yet if it should happen that infants should have taken offence at anything which cannot be easily kept out of their way, and that they show marks of terror as often as it comes in sight, all the allays of fright, by diverting their thoughts or mixing pleasant and agreeable appearances with it, must be used till it be grown familiar and inoffensive to them.

The only thing we naturally are afraid of is pain or loss of pleasure; and because these are not annexed to any shape, colour, or size of visible objects, we are frightened with none of them till either we have felt pain from them, or have notions put into us that they will do us harm. The pleasant brightness and lustre of flame and fire so delights children that at first they always desire to be handling of it; but when constant experience has convinced them, by the exquisite pain it has put them to, how cruel and unmerciful it is, they are afraid to touch it, and carefully avoid it. This being the ground of fear, 'tis not hard to find whence

it arises, and how it is to be cured in all mistaken objects of terror. And when the mind is confirmed against them, and has got a mastery over itself and its usual fears in lighter occasions, it is good preparation to meet more real dangers.

Your child shrieks and runs away at the sight of a frog; let another catch it and lay it down at a good distance from him. At first accustom him to look upon it, and when he can do that, then to come nearer to it and see it leap without emotion, then to touch it lightly when it is held fast in another's hand, and so on till he can come to handle it as confidently as a butterfly or a sparrow. By the same way any other vain terrors may be removed, if care be taken that you go not too fast, and push not the child on to a new degree of assurance till he be thoroughly confirmed in the former. And thus the young soldier is to be trained on to the warfare of life, wherein care is to be taken that more things be not represented as dangerous than really are so, and then that whatever you observe him to be more frightened at than he should, you be sure to lead him on to by insensible degrees, till he, at last quitting his fears, masters the difficulty and comes off with applause. Successes of this kind, often repeated, will make him find that evils are not always so certain or so great as our fears represent them, and that the way to avoid them is not to run away, or be discomposed, dejected, and deterred by fear, where either our credit or duty requires us to go on.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY

DANIEL DEFOE

SIR, I have employed myself of late pretty much in the study of history, and have been reading the stories of the great men of past ages, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, the great Augustus, and many more down, down, down, to the still greater Louis XIV. and even to the still greatest John, Duke of Marlborough. In my way I met with Tamerlane, the Scythian, Tomornbejus, the Egyptian, Solyman, the Magnificent, and others of the Mahometan or Ottoman race; and after all the great things they have done I find it said of them all, one after another, AND THEN HE DIED, all dead, dead, dead! *hic jacet* is the finishing part of their history. Some lie in the bed of honour, and some in honour's truckle-bed; some were bravely slain in battle on the field of honour, some in the storm of a counterscarp and died in the ditch of honour; some here, some there;—the bones of the bold and the brave, the cowardly and the base, the hero and the scoundrel, are heaped up together;—there they lie in oblivion, and under the ruins of the earth, undistinguished from one another, nay even from the common earth.

“Huddled in dirt the blust’ring engine lies,
That was so great, and thought himself so wise.”

How many hundreds of thousands of the bravest fellows then in the world lie 'on heaps in the ground, whose bones are to this day ploughed up by the rustics, or dug up by the labourer, and the earth their more

noble vital parts are converted to has been perhaps applied to the meanest uses !

How have we screened the ashes of heroes to make our mortar, and mingled the remains of a Roman general to make a hog sty ! Where are the ashes of a Cæsar, and the remains of a Pompey, a Scipio, or a Hannibal ? All are vanished, they and their very monuments are mouldered into earth, their dust is lost, and their place knows them no more. They live only in the immortal writings of their historians and poets, the renowned flatterers of the age they lived in, and who have made us think of the persons, not as they really were, but as they were pleased to represent them.

As the greatest men, so even the longest lived. The Methusalems of the antedcluvian world—the accounts of them all end with the same. Methusalem lived nine hundred sixty and nine years and begat sons and daughters—and what then ? **AND THEN HE DIED.**

“Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away ; our life’s a dream.”

We are now solemnizing the obsequies of the great Marlborough ; and his victories, all his glories, his great projected schemes of war, his uninterrupted series of conquests, which are called his, as if he alone had fought and conquered by his arm, what so many men obtained for him with their blood—all is ended, where other men, and, indeed, where all men ended : **HE IS DEAD.**

Not all his immense wealth, the spoils and trophies of his enemies, the bounty of his grateful Mistress, and the treasure amassed in war and peace, not all

that mighty bulk of gold—which some suggest is such, and so great, as I care not to mention—could either give him life, or continue it one moment, but he is dead; and some say the great treasure he was possessed of here had one strange particular quality attending it, which might have been very dissatisfying to him if he had considered much on it, namely, that he could not carry much of it with him.

We have now nothing left us of this great man that we can converse with but his monument and his history. He is now numbered among things passed. The funeral as well as the battles of the Duke of Marlborough are like to adorn our houses in sculpture as things equally gay and to be looked on with pleasure. Such is the end of human glory, and so little is the world able to do for the greatest men that come into it, and for the greatest merit those men can arrive to.

What, then, is the work of life? What the business of great men, that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph as these men, we call heroes, have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame and take up many pages in history? Alas! that is no more than making a tale for the reading of posterity till it turns into fable and romance. Is it to furnish subject to the poets, and live in their immortal rhymes, as they call them? That is, in short, no more than to be hereafter turned into ballad and song and be sung by old women to quiet children, or at the corner of a street to gather crowds in aid of the pick-pocket and the poor. Or is their business rather to add virtue and piety to their glory, which alone will pass them into eternity and make them truly immortal? What is glory without virtue? A great man without religion is no more than a great beast without a soul. What is

honour without merit? And what can be called true merit but that which makes a person be a good man as well as a great man?

If we believe in a future state of life, a place for the rewards of good men and for the punishment of the haters of virtue, how few of heroes and famous men crowd in among the last! How few crowned heads wear the crowns of immortal felicity!

Let no man envy the great and glorious men, as we call them! Could we see them now, how many of them would move our pity rather than call for our congratulations! These few thoughts, Sir, I send to prepare your readers' minds when they go to see the magnificent funeral of the late Duke of Marlborough.

A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA

DANIEL DEFOE

IN the very first entrance of the waste, we were exceedingly discouraged; for we found the sand so deep, and it scalded our feet so much with the heat, that, after we had, as I may call it, waded rather than walked through it about seven or eight miles, we were all heartily tired and faint—even the very negroes lay down and panted, like creatures that had been pushed beyond their strength.

Here we found the difference of lodging greatly injurious to us, for, as before, we always made us huts sleep under, which covered us from the night air, which is particularly unwholesome in those hot countries; but we had here no shelter, no lodging, after so hard a march, for here were no trees—no, not a shrub near

us—and, which was still more frightful, towards night we began to hear the wolves howl, the lions bellow and a great many wild asses braying, and other ugly noises, which we did not understand.

Upon this we reflected upon our indiscretion—that we had not, at least, brought poles or stakes in our hand with which we might have, as it were, palisaded ourselves in for the night, and so we might have slept secure, whatever other inconveniences we suffered. However, we found a way at last to relieve ourselves a little. For, first, we set up the lances and bows we had, and endeavoured to bring the tops of them, as near to one another as we could, and so hung our coats on the top of them, which made us a kind of sorry tent. The leopard's skin, and a few other skins we had put together, made us a tolerable covering, and thus we lay down to sleep, and slept very heartily too for the first night, setting, however, a good watch, being two of our own men with their fuses, whom we relieved in an hour at first, and two hours afterwards; and it was very well we did this, for they found the wilderness swarmed with raging creatures of all kinds, some of which came directly up to the very enclosure of our tent. But our sentinels were ordered not to alarm us with firing in the night, but to flash in the pan at them, which they did, and found it effectual, for the creatures went off always as soon as they saw it, perhaps with some noise or howling, and pursued such other game as they were upon.

If we were tired with the day's travel, we were all as much tired with the night's lodging: but our black prince told us in the morning he would give us some counsel, and indeed it was very good counsel. He told us we should be all killed, if we went on this journey,

and through this desert, without some covering for us at night; so he advised us to march back again to a little river side, where we lay the night before, and stay there till we could make us houses, as he called them, to carry with us to lodge in every night. As he began a little to understand our speech, and we very well to understand his signs, we easily knew what he meant, and that we should there make mats (for we remembered that we saw a great deal of matting, or bass there, that the natives made mats of); I say, that we should make large mats there for covering our huts or tents to lodge in at night.

We all approved this advice, and immediately resolved to go back that one day's journey, resolving, though we carried less provisions, we would carry mats with us, to cover us in the night. Some of the nimblest of us got back to the river with more ease than we had travelled it but the day before; but as we were not in haste, the rest made a halt, encamped another night, and came to us the next day.

In our return of this day's journey, our men, that made two days of it, met with a very surprising thing, that gave them some reason to be careful how they parted company again. The case was this. The second day in the morning, before they had gone half a mile, looking behind them, they saw a vast cloud of sand or dust rise in the air, as we see sometimes in the roads in summer, when it is very dusty, and a large drove of cattle are coming, only very much greater; and they could easily perceive that it came after them; and it came on faster than they went from it. The cloud of sand was so great that they could not see what it was that raised it; and concluded that it was some army of enemies that pursued them; but then considering

that they came from the vast uninhabited wilderness they knew it was impossible any nation or people the way should have intelligence of them or the way of their march; and therefore, if it was an army, it must be of such as they were travelling that way by accident. On the other hand, as they knew that there were no horses in the country, and that they came on so fast they concluded that it must be some vast collection of wild beasts, perhaps making to the hill country for food or water, and that they should be all devoured or trampled under foot by their multitude.

Upon this thought they were prudently observed which way the cloud seemed to point, and they turned a little out of the way to the north, supposing it might pass by them. When they were about a quarter of a mile they halted to see what it might be. One of the negroes, a nimbler fellow than the rest, went back a little and came in a few minutes, running as fast as the heavy sand would allow; and by signs gave them to know that it was a great herd or drove of elephants.

As it was a sight our men had never seen, they were desirous to see it, and yet a little uneasy at the danger too; for though an elephant is a heavy, unwieldy creature, yet in the deep sand, which was nothing at all to them, they marched at a great rate, and would soon have tired our people, if they had had far to go, and had been pursued by them.

Our gunner was with them, and had a great mind to have gone close up to one of the outermost of them, and to have clapped his piece to his ear, and to have fired into him, because he had been told no shot would penetrate them; but they all dissuaded him, lest, upon the noise, they should all turn upon and pursue us; so he was reasoned out of it, and let them pass which

in our people's circumstances, was certainly the right way.

They were between twenty and thirty in number, but prodigious great ones; and though they often showed our men that they saw them, yet they did not turn out of their way, or take any other notice of them, as we may say, just to look at them. We that were before saw the cloud of dust they raised, but we thought it had been our own caravan, and so took no notice; but as they bent their course one point of the compass, or thereabouts, to the southwards of the east, and we went due east, they passed by us at some little distance; so that we did not see them, or know anything of them, till evening, when our men came to us, and gave us this account of them. However, this was a useful experiment for our future conduct in passing the desert, as you shall hear in its place.

We were now upon our work, and our black prince was head surveyor, for he was an excellent mat-maker himself, and all his men understood it; so that they soon made us near a hundred mats; and as every man, I mean of the negroes, carried one, it was no manner of load, and we did not carry an ounce of provisions the less. The greatest burthen was to carry six long poles, besides some shorter stakes; but the negroes made an advantage of that for carrying them between two, they made the luggage of provisions which they had to carry so much the lighter, binding it upon two poles, and made three couple of them. As soon as we saw this we made a little advantage of it too; for having three or four bags, called bottles (I mean skins or bladders to carry water), more than the men could carry, we got them filled and carried them this way, which was a day's water and more, for our journey.

Having now ended our work, made our mats, and fully recruited our stores of things necessary, and having made us abundance of small ropes and matting for ordinary use, as we might have occasion, we set forward again having interrupted our journey eight days in all, upon this affair. To our great comfort, the night before set out there fell a very violent shower of rain, the effects of which we found in the sand; though the one day dried the surface as much as before, yet it was harder at bottom, not so heavy, and was cooler to our feet, by which means we marched, as we reckoned, about fourteen miles instead of seven and with much more ease.

When we came to encamp we had all things ready, for we had fitted our tent, and set it up for trial, where we made it; so that, in less than an hour, we had a large tent raised, with an inner and outer apartment, and two entrances. In one we lay ourselves, in the other our negroes, having light pleasant mats over us, and others at the same time under us. Also, we had a little place without all for our buffaloes, for they deserved our care, being very useful to us, besides carrying forage and water for themselves. Their forage was a root, which our black prince directed us to find, not much unlike a parsnip, very moist and nourishing, of which there was plenty wherever we came, this horrid desert excepted.

When we came the next morning to decamp, our negroes took down the tent, and pulled up the stakes; and all was in motion in as little time as it was set up. In this posture we marched eight days, and yet could see no end, no change of our prospect, but all looking as wild and dismal as at the beginning. If there was any alteration, it was that the sand was nowhere

so deep and heavy as it was the first three days. This we thought might be because, for six months of the year, the winds blowing west (as for the other six they blew constantly east), the sand was driven violently to the side of the desert where we set out, where the mountains lying very high, the easterly monsoons, when they blew, had not the same power to drive it back again; and this was confirmed by our finding the like depth of sand on the farthest extent of the desert to the west.

It was the ninth day of our travel in this wilderness when we came to the view of a great lake of water; and you may be sure this was a particular satisfaction to us, because we had not water left for above two or three days more, at our shortest allowance; I mean, allowing water for our return, if we had been put to the necessity of it. Our water had served us two days longer than expected, our buffaloes having found, for two or three days, a kind of herb like a broad flat thistle, though without any prickle, spreading on the ground, and growing in the sand, which they eat freely of, and which supplied them for drink as well as forage.

The next day, which was the tenth from our setting out, we came to the edge of this lake, and, happy for us, we came to it at the south point of it; so we passed by it, and travelled three days by the side of it, which was a great comfort to us, because it lightened our burthen, there being no need to carry water when we had it in view. And yet, though here was so much water, we found but very little alteration in the desert; no trees, no grass or herbage, except that thistle, as I called it, and two or three more plants, which we did not understand, of which the desert began to be pretty full.

But as we were refreshed with the neighbourhood of this lake of water, so we were now gotten among a prodigious number of ravenous inhabitants, the like whereof, it is most certain, the eye of man never saw ; for, as I firmly believe, that never man, nor any body of men, passed this desert since the Flood, so I believe there is not the like collection of fierce, ravenous, and devouring creatures in the world ; I mean, not in any particular place.

For a day's journey before we came to this lake, and all the three days we were passing by it, and for six or seven days' march after it, the ground was scattered with elephant's teeth in such a number as is incredible ; and, as some of them may have lain there for some hundreds of years, so, seeing the substance of them scarce ever decays, they may lie there for aught I know, to the end of time. The size of some of them is, it seems, to those to whom I have reported it, as incredible as the number ; and I can assure you there were several so heavy as the strongest man among us could not lift. As to number, I question not there are enough to load a thousand sail of the biggest ships in the world, by which I may be understood to mean that the quantity is not to be conceived of ; seeing that as they lasted in view for above eighty miles' travelling, so they might continue as far to the right hand, and to the left as far, and many times as far, for aught we knew ; for it seems the number of elephants hereabouts is prodigiously great. In one place in particular we saw the head of an elephant, with several teeth in it, but one of the biggest that ever I saw ; the flesh was consumed to be sure many hundred years before, and all the other bones ; but three of our strongest men could not lift this skull and

teeth ; the great tooth, I believe, weighed at least three hundredweight ; and this was particularly remarkable to me, for I observed the whole skull was as good ivory as the teeth ; and, I believe, altogether weighed at least six hundredweight ; and though I do not know but, by the same rule, all the bones of the elephant may be ivory, yet I think there is a just objection against it, from the example before me, that then all the other bones of this elephant would have been there as well as the head.

I proposed to our gunner, that, seeing we had travelled now fourteen days without intermission, and that we had water here for our refreshment, and no want of food yet, nor any fear of it, we should rest our people a little, and see, at the same time, if, perhaps, we might kill some creatures that were proper for food. The gunner, who had more forecast of that kind than I had, agreed to the proposal, and added, why might we not try to catch some fish out of the lake ? The first thing we had before us was to try if we could make any hooks, and this indeed put our artificer to his trumps ; however, with some labour and difficulty, he did it, and we caught fresh fish of several kinds. How they came there none but He that made the lake and all the world, knows ; for, to be sure, no human hands ever put any in there, or pulled any out before.

We not only caught enough for our present refreshment, but we dried several large fishes, of kinds which I cannot describe, in the sun, by which we lengthened out our provisions considerably ; for the heat of the sun dried them so effectually without salt that they were perfectly cured, dry, and hard in one day's time.

We rested ourselves here five days ; during which time we had abundance of pleasant adventures with the wild creatures, too many to relate. One of them

was very particular, which was a chase between a she-lion, or lioness, and a large deer; and, though the deer is naturally a very nimble creature, and she flew by us like the wind, having, perhaps, about three hundred yards the start of the lion, yet we found the lion, by her strength, and the goodness of her lungs, got ground of her. They passed by us within about a quarter of a mile, and we had a view of them a great way, when, having given them over, we were surprised about an hour after to see them come thundering back again on the other side of us, and then the lion was within thirty or forty yards of her; and both straining to the extremity of their speed, when the deer, coming to the lake, plunged into the water, and swam for her life, as she had before run for it.

The lioness plunged in after her, and swam a little way, but came back again; and, when she was got upon the land, she set up the most hideous roar that ever I heard in my life, as if done in the rage of having lost her prey.

We walked out morning and evening constantly; the middle of the day we refreshed ourselves under our tent; but one morning early we saw another chase, which more nearly concerned us than the other; for our black prince, walking by the side of the lake, was set upon by a vast great crocodile, which came out of the lake upon him; and though he was very light of foot, yet it was as much as he could do to get away; he fled amain to us, and the truth is we did not know what to do, for we were told no bullet would enter her; and we found it so at first, for though three of our men fired at her, yet she did not mind them; but my friend the gunner, a venturous fellow, of a bold heart, and great presence of mind, went up so near as to thrust

the muzzle of his piece into her mouth, and fired, but let his piece fall, and ran for it the very moment he had fired it; the creature raged a great while, and spent its fury upon the gun, making marks on the very iron with her teeth, but after some time fainted and died.

Our negroes spread the banks of the lakes all this while for game, and at length killed us three deer, one of them very large, the other two very small. There was water-fowl also in the lake, but we never came near enough to them to shoot any; and, as for the desert, we saw no fowls anywhere in it, but at the lake.

We likewise killed two or three civet cats; but their flesh is the worst of carrion. We saw abundance of elephants at a distance, and observed they always go in very good company—that is to say, abundance of them—together, and always extended in a fair line of battle; and this, they say, is the way they defend themselves from their enemies; for, if lions or tigers, wolves, or any creatures, attack them, they being drawn up in a line, sometimes reaching five or six miles in length, whatever comes in their way is sure to be trod under foot, or beaten in pieces with their trunks, or lifted up in the air with their trunks: so that if a hundred lions or tigers were coming along, if they meet a line of elephants, they will always fly back till they see room to pass by to the right hand or to the left; and if they did not, it would be impossible for one of them to escape; for the elephant, though a heavy creature, is yet so dexterous and nimble with his trunk, that he will not fail to lift up the heaviest lion, or any other wild creature, and throw him up in the air quite over his back, and then trample him to death with his feet. We saw several lines of battle thus; we saw one

so long that indeed there was no end of it to be seen, and, I believe, there might be two thousand elephants in a row or line. They are not beasts of prey, but live upon the herbage of the field, as an ox does; and it is said, that though they are so great a creature yet that a smaller quantity of forage supplies one of them than will suffice a horse.

The numbers of this kind of creature that are in those parts are inconceivable, as may be gathered from the prodigious quantity of teeth, which, as I said, we saw in this vast desert; and indeed we saw a hundred of them to one of any other kinds.

One evening we were very much surprised; we were most of us laid down on our mats to sleep, when our watch came running in among us, being frightened with the sudden roaring of some lions just by them, which, it seems, they had not seen, the night being dark, till they were just upon them. There was, as it proved, an old lion and his whole family, for there was the lioness and three young lions, beside the old king, who was a monstrous great one: one of the young ones, who were good, large, well-grown ones too, leaped up upon one of our negroes, who stood sentinel, before he saw him, at which he was heartily frightened, cried out, and ran into the tent: our other man, who had a gun, had not presence of mind at first to shoot him, but struck him with the butt-end of his piece, which made him whine a little, and then growl at him fearfully; but the fellow retired, and, we being all alarmed, three of our men snatched their guns, ran to the tent door, where they saw the great old lion by the fire of his eyes, and first fired at him, but we supposed, missed him, or at least did not kill him; for they went all off, but raised a most hideous roar, which, as if they

had called for help, brought down a prodigious number of lions, and other furious creatures, we know not what, about them, for we could not see them; but there was a noise and yelling, and howling, and all sort of such wilderness music on every side of us, as if all the beasts of the desert were assembled to devour us.

We asked our black prince what we should do with them. Me go, says he, and fright them all. So he snatches up two or three of the worst of our mats and getting one of our men to strike some fire, he hangs the mat up at the end of a pole, and set it on fire, and it blazed abroad a good while, at which the creatures all moved off, for we heard them roar, and make their bellowing noise at a great distance. Well, says our gunner, if that will do, we need not burn our mats, which are our beds to lay under us, and our tilting to cover us. Let me alone, says he. So he comes back into our tent, and falls to making some artificial fireworks, and the like; and he gave our sentinels some to be ready at hand upon occasion, and particularly he placed a great piece of wildfire upon the same pole that the mat had been tied to, and set it on fire, and that burnt there so long that all the wild creatures left us for that time.

However, we began to be weary of such company, and, to get rid of them, we set forward again two days sooner than we intended. We found now that, though the desert did not end, nor could we see any appearance of it, yet that the earth was pretty full of green stuff of one sort or another, so that our cattle had no want; and secondly, that there were several little rivers which ran into the lake, and, so long as the country continued low, we found water sufficient, which eased us very much in our carriage, and we went on still sixteen days

more without yet coming to any appearance of better soil. After this we found the country rise a little, and by that we perceived that the water would fail us, so for fear of the worst, we filled our bladder bottles with water. We found the country rising gradually thus for three days continually, when, on the sudden, we perceived that though we had mounted up insensibly, yet that we were on the top of a very high ridge of hills, though not such as at first.

THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE SPIDER AND THE BEE

JONATHAN SWIFT

UPON the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last

happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel ; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution ; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end ; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight). A plague split you, said he ; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here ? Could not you look before you ? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you ?—Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll) : I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more ; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born.

Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.—I pray have patience, said the bee, or you,

will spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all toward the repair of your house. —Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters.—By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of mine own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the garden;

but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, 'tis too plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND
THE MODERNS

JONATHAN SWIFT

THIS quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east*; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summity, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance into their place; or else the said ancients will give leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony, whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That, if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that iniurv (if it be any) were not

largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not, know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients: to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit, in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance; (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of

late, in the art of war) ; so the learned after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause ; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names : as, disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places ; either by themselves or their representatives, for passengers to gaze at ; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

The Battle of the Books.

MEMORIES OF HIS CHILDHOOD

RICHARD STEELE

Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebō.

VIRG. *Æn.* v. 49.

And now the rising day renews the year,
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.

—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing

lost that passes unobserved ; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends ; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful ; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time ; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions ; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory ; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being

quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the

weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from any own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather

our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havock which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! O death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous

and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be careful than frolicksome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

Tailler, June 6, 1710.

ON SATIRE

RICHARD STEELE

Quis iniquae

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se ?

Juv. Sat. i. 30.

To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain ?—*DRYDEN*.

It was with very great displeasure I heard this day a man say of a companion of his, with an air of approbation, "You know, Tom never fails of saying a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but satire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenance that pretended to talk to him?" Such impertinent applauses, which one meets with every day, put me upon considering, what true raillery and satire were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent persons that were admired for talents this way. When I had run over several such in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the

assertion might appear at first sight, that good-nature was an essential quality in a satirist, and that all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing must proceed from that quality in the author. Good nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly; which prompts them to express themselves with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said "he that did not hate Bavius might love Maevius," he was in perfect good humour; and was not so much moved at their absurdities, as passionately to call them sots, or block-heads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man with the worst-natur'd
muse,

was the character among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or outstrip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, nor one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it. But, in the perusal of these writers, it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not come under this consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whose reign every thing that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes by in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the eyes of Augustus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madness; or in those of Domitian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are everywhere recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with

a barefaced mention of the villainies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of these two great men carries me from my design, which was to tell some coxcombs that run about this town with the name of smart satirical fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary to make what a man says bear any weight with those he speaks to. This quality, with respect to men's errors and vices, is never seen but in good-natured men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations, is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators into whose hands they fall when dead. I dare say it is impossible for any man of more wit than one of these to take any of the four-and-twenty letters, and form out of them a name to describe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of these would immediately cry, "Mr. Such-a-one is meant in that place." But the truth of it is, satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then

made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them, which shows there is no malignity at heart, and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general enough, to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, "I will not take my revenge of him until I have forgiven him." What he meant by this was that he would not enter upon this subject until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule, seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places and he himself invulnerable.

There is no possibility of succeeding in a satirical way of writing or speaking, except a man throws himself quite out of the question. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, because it is your quarrel. You must make your satire the concern of society in general if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful sentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

Tatler, October 26, 1710.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON

Omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.

—VIRG. *Aen.* ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

“On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘man is but a shadow, and life a dream.’ Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The

sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou

the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions, that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain: how is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through

the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

Spectator, September 1, 1711.

ON THE ART OF FLYING

SAMUEL JOHNSON

AMONG the artists that had been allured into the Happy Valley, to labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel which the stream turned, he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulets that ran through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft music were played at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot. He saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion.

The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the Prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honours.

"Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion that, instead of the tardy con-

veyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the Prince's desire of passing the mountains. Having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment.

"I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth."

"So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature and man by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly; to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the Prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied. I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent; and wings will be of no great use unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labour of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls; but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no

care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings and hovering in the sky, would see the earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts ; to survey with equal security the marts of trade and the fields of battle ; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace. How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage, pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of Nature from one extremity of the earth to the other."

"All this," said the Prince, "is much to be desired, but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains ; yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall ; therefore I suspect that from any height where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favour my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow ; and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition : that the art shall not

be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea!"

The Prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success.

He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the Prince. In a year the wings were finished; and on a morning appointed the maker appeared, furnished for flight, on a little promontory; he waved his pinions a while to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water; and the Prince drew him to land half dead with terror and vexation.

Rasselas.

BEAU TIBBS

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the

familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "Where have you been hiding this half a century ? positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness ; his looks were pale, thin and sharp ; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass ; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist ; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Psha, psha, Charles," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me ; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do ; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten ; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do ; but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord ?' says I ; 'faith, you have missed already ; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way ; I take

a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.' ”

“Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow,” cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; “I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?” “Improved,” replied the other; “you shall know—but let it go no further—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord’s word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tete-a-tete dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.” “I fancy you forget, sir,” cried I; “you told us—but this moment of your dining yesterday in town.” “Did I say so?” replied he coolly. “To be sure, if I said so it was so. Dined in town: egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I’ll tell you a pleasant affair about that: We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram’s, an affected piece, but let it go no further; a secret. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘I’ll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that——’ But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half a crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—— But, harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.”

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. “His very dress,” cries my friend, “is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both

for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned, in the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright children into obedience."

The Citizen of the World.

FOOD AND MORALS

WILLIAM COBBETT

I LAY it down as a maxim, that, for a family to be happy, they must be well supplied with food and raiment. It is a sorry effort that people make to persuade others, or to persuade themselves, that they can be happy in a state of *want* of the necessities of life. The doctrines, which fanaticism preaches, and which teach men to be *content* with *poverty*, have a very pernicious tendency, and are calculated to favour tyrants by giving them passive slaves. To live well, to enjoy all things that make life pleasant, is the right of every man who constantly uses his strength judi-

ciously and lawfully. It is to blaspheme God to suppose that he created men to be miserable, to hunger, thirst, and perish with cold, in the midst of that abundance which is the fruit of their own labour. Instead, therefore, of applauding "*happy poverty*," which applause is so much the fashion of the present day, I despise the man that is *poor* and *contented*; for, such content is a certain proof of a base disposition, a disposition which is the enemy of all industry, all exertion, all love of independence.

Let it be understood, however, that, by *poverty*, I mean *real want*, a real insufficiency of the food and raiment and lodging necessary to health and decency; and not that imaginary poverty, of which some persons complain. The man who, by his own and his family's labour, can provide a sufficiency of food and raiment and a comfortable dwelling place, is not a *poor man*. There must be different ranks and degrees in every civil society, and indeed, so it is even amongst the savage tribes. There must be different degrees of wealth; some must have more than others; and the richest must be a great deal richer than the least rich. But it is necessary to the very existence of a people, that nine out of ten should live wholly by the sweat of their brow; and, is it not degrading to human nature, that all the nine tenths should be called *poor*; and, what is still worse, *call themselves poor*, and be *contented* in that degraded state?

The laws, the economy, or management, of a state may be such as to render it impossible for the labourer, however skilful and industrious, to maintain his family in health and decency; and such has, for many years past, been the management of the affairs of this once truly great and happy land. A system of paper money,

the effect of which was to take from the labourer the half of his earnings, was what no industry and care could make head against. I do not pretend, that this system was adopted *by design*. But, no matter for the *cause*; such was the effect.

Better times, however, are approaching. The labourer now appears likely to obtain that hire of which he is worthy; and therefore, this appears to me to be the time to press upon him the duty of using his best exertions for the rearing of his family in a manner that must give him the best security for happiness to himself, his wife and children, and to make him, in all respects, what his forefathers were. The people of England have been famed, in all ages, for their *good living*; for the *abundance of their food* and *goodness of their attire*. The old sayings about English roast beef and plum-pudding, and about English hospitality, had not their foundation in *nothing*. And, in spite of all the refinements of sickly minds, it is *abundant living* amongst the people at large, which is the great test of good government, and the surest basis of national greatness and security.

THE TAKING OF SERINGAPATAM

JAMES MILL

A BREACHING battery of six guns was erected on the night of the 28th; and on the morning of the 30th it began to fire. On the first day it demolished part of the outward wall at the west angle of the fort, and made an impression on the masonry of the bastion within it. On the second its fire was attended with

increased effect. An additional battery, constructed on the night of April the 30th, opened in the morning of the 2nd of May. On the 3rd, the breach appeared to be practicable, and preparations were eagerly made for the assault. On the morning of the 4th, the troops destined for the service were placed in the trenches before daylight, that no extraordinary movement might serve to put the enemy on their guard. The heat of the day, when the people of the east, having taken their mid-day repast, give themselves up to a season of repose, and when it was expected that the troops in the fort would be least prepared to resist, was chosen for the hour of attack. Four regiments, and ten flank companies of Europeans, three corps of grenadier sepoys, and 200 of the Nizam's troops, formed the party for the assault. Colonels Sherbrooke, Dunlop, Dalrymple, Gardener, and Mignan, commanded the flank corps; and the conduct of the enterprise was entrusted to Major-General Baird, who had solicited the dangerous service. At one o'clock the troops began to move from the trenches. The width, and rocky channel of the river, though at that time it contained but little water, its exposure to the fire of the fort, the imperfection of the breach, the strength of the place, the numbers, courage, and skill of its defenders, constituted such an accumulation of difficulties, that nothing less than unbounded confidence in the force and courage of his men could have inspired a prudent general with hopes of success. The troops descended into the bed of the river, and moved, regardless of a tremendous fire, towards the opposite bank.

From the time when General Harris sat down before the fort, the Sultan had remained on the ramparts, varying his position according to the incidents of the

siege. The general charge of the angle attacked, was given to Seyed Saheb, and Seyed Goffhar, the last an able officer who began his career in the English service, and was in the number of the prisoners at the disaster of Colonel Braithwaite.

The angle of the fort which the English attacked was of such a nature, that a retrenchment to cut it off might have been easily effected; and this was counselled by the most judicious of the Mysorean officers. But the mind of the Sultan, which was always defective in judgment, appears to have been prematurely weakened by the disadvantages of his situation. By the indulgence of arbitrary power, and the arts of his flatterers, his mind was brought into that situation in which it could endure to hear nothing but what gratified the will of the moment. He had accordingly estranged from his presence every person of a manly character; and surrounded himself with young men and parasites, who made it their business not only to gratify his most childish inclinations, but to occupy him with a perpetual succession of wretched pursuits. He seems, therefore, when adversity came upon him, to have been rendered too effeminate to look it steadily in the face, and, exploring firmly the nature of the danger, to employ in the best manner the means which were in his power for averting it. The flatterers were able to persuade him, partly that the fort was too strong to be taken, partly that God would protect him; and they maintained successfully that indecision which was now congenial to the relaxed habit of his mind. "He is surrounded," said Seyed Goffhar, who was wounded early in the siege, "by boys and flatterers, who will not let him see with his own eyes. I do not wish

to survive the result. I am going about in search of death, and cannot find it."

On the morning of the 4th, Seyed Goffhar, who from the number of men in the trenches inferred the intention to assault, sent information to the Sultan. The Sultan returned for answer, that it was good to be on the alert, but assured him, as persuaded by the flatterers, that the assault would not take place till night. And in the meantime he was absorbed in religious and astrological operations; the one, to purchase the favour of heaven; the other, to ascertain its decrees. Seyed Goffhar, says Colonel Wilkes, "having satisfied himself, by further observation, that one hour would not elapse before the assault would commence, hurried in a state of rage and despair towards the Sultan: 'I will go,' said he, 'and drag him to the breach, and make him see by what a set of wretches he is surrounded; I will compel him to exert himself at this last moment.' He was going, and met a party of pioneers, whom he had long looked for in vain to cut off the approach by the southern rampart. 'I must first,' said he, 'show these people the work they have to do;' and in the act of giving his instructions, was killed by a cannon shot."

The Sultan was about to begin his mid-day repast, under a small tent, at his usual station, on the northern face, when the news was brought him of the death of Seyed Goffhar, and excited strong agitation. Before the repast was finished, he heard that the assault was begun. He instantly ordered the troops which were about him, to stand to their arms, commanded the carbines to be loaded, which the servants in attendance carried for his own use, and hurried along the northern rampart to the breach.

“In less than seven minutes, from the period of issuing from the trenches, the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach.” It was regulated that as soon as the assailants surmounted the rampart, one half of them should wheel to the right, the other to the left, and that they should meet over the eastern gateway. The right, which was led by General Baird, met with little resistance, both as the enemy, lest retreat should be cut off, abandoned the cavaliers, and as the inner rampart of the south-western face was exposed to a perfect enfilade. The assailants on the left were opposed in a different manner. Lieut.-Col. Dunlop, by whom it was commanded, received a wound in the ascent; and the Sultan passed the nearest traverse, as the column quitted the breach. A succession of well-constructed traverses were most vigorously defended; and a flanking fire of musquetry from the inner rampart did great execution upon the assailants. All the commissioned officers, attached to the leading companies, were soon either killed or disabled; and the loss would, at any rate, have been great, had not a very critical assistance been received. When the assailants first surmounted the breach, they were not a little surprised by the sight of a deep, and, to appearance, impassable ditch between the exterior and interior lines of defence. A detachment of the 12th regiment, having discovered a narrow strip of the terreplein, left for the passage of the workmen, got up the inner rampart of the enfiladed face, without much opposition, and wheeling to the left, drove before them the musqueteers who were galling the assailants of the left attack, and they at last reached the flank of the traverse, which was defended by the Sultan. The two columns of the English, on the outer

and inner rampart, then moved in a position to expose the successive traverses to a front and flank fire at the same time; and forced the enemy from one to another, till they perceived the British of the right attack, over the eastern gate, and ready to fall upon them in the rear, when they broke, and hastened to escape. The Sultan continued on foot during the greater part of this time, performing the part rather of a common soldier, than a general, firing several times upon the assailants with his own hands. But a little before the time at which his troops resigned the contest, he complained of pain and weakness in one of his legs, in which he had received a severe wound when young, and ordered a horse. When abandoned by his men, instead of seeking to make his escape, which the proximity of the water gate would have rendered easy, he made his way toward the gate into the interior fort. As he was crossing to the gate by the communication from the outer rampart, he received a musket ball in the right side nearly as high as the breast, but still pressed on, till he arrived at the gate. Fugitives, from within, as well as from without, were crowding in opposite directions to this gate; and the detachment of the 12th had descended into the body of the place, for the purpose of arresting the influx of the fugitives from the outer works. The two columns of the assailants, one without the gate and one within, were now pouring into it a destructive fire from both sides, when the Sultan arrived. Endeavouring to pass, he received another wound from the fire of the inner detachment; his horse also being wounded sunk under him, and his turban fell to the ground, while his friends dropped around him. His attendants placed him in his palankeen, but the place was already so crowded, and choked up

with dead and the dying, that he could not be removed. According to the statement of a servant who survived, some English soldiers, a few minutes afterwards, entered the gateway; and one of them offering to pull off the sword-belt of the Sultan, which was very rich, Tippoo, who still held his sabre in his hand, made a cut at him with all his remaining strength. The man, wounded in the knee, put his firelock to his shoulder, and the Sultan, receiving the ball in his temple, expired.

The two bodies of assailants, from the right and the left, had met over the eastern gateway; and the palace was the only place within the fort not now in their possession. In this the faithful adherents of Tippoo, whose fate was yet unknown, were expected to make a desperate stand in defence of their sovereign and his family. The troops, exhausted by the heat and the toils of the day, stood in need of refreshment. In the meantime Major Allan was sent with a guard to inform the persons within the palace, that if they surrendered immediately their lives should be secured; that any resistance on the other hand would be fatal to them all. When that officer arrived at the palace, before which a part of the British troops were already drawn up, he observed several persons in the balcony, apparently in the greatest consternation. Upon communicating his message, the Kelledar, another officer of distinction, and a confidential servant, came over the terrace of the front building, and descended by an unfinished part of the wall. They exhibited great embarrassment, and a disposition to delay; upon which the British officer reminded them of their danger, and pledging himself for the protection of the inmates of the palace, desired admittance, that he might give the same assurance to the Sultan himself. They manifested strong aversion

to this proposition ; but the major insisted upon returning with them ; and desiring two other officers to join him, they ascended by the broken wall, and lowered themselves down on a terrace, on which there was a number of armed men. The major, carrying a white flag in his hand, which he had formed on the spur of the occasion by fastening a cloth to a serjeant's pike, assured them it was a pledge of security, provided no resistance was attempted : and as an additional proof of his sincerity took off his sword, which he insisted upon placing in the hands of the Kelledar. All affirmed that the family of the Sultan was in the palace, but not the Sultan himself. Their agitation and indecision were conspicuous. The major was obliged to remind them, that the fury of the troops, by whom they were now surrounded, was with difficulty restrained ; and that the consequences of delay would be fatal. The rapid movements of several persons within the palace, where many hundreds of Tippoo's troops still remained, made him begin to think the situation critical even of himself and his companions, by whom he was advised to take back his sword. As any suspicion, however, of treachery, reaching in their present state the minds of the British soldiers, would inflame them to the most desperate acts, probably the massacre of every human being within the palace walls, he had the gallantry, as well as presence of mind, to abstain from such an exhibition of distrust. In the meantime, he was entreated by the people on the terrace to hold the flag in a conspicuous manner, as well to give confidence to the people within the palace, as to prevent the British troops from forcing the gates. Growing impatient of delay, the major sent another message to the princes. They now sent him word, that he would be received as

soon as a carpet for the purpose could be procured; and in a few minutes the Kelledar returned to conduct him.

He found two of the princes seated on the carpet, surrounded by attendants. "The recollection," says Major Allan, "of Moiz ad Dien, whom on a former occasion I had seen delivered up with his brother, hostages to Marquis Cornwallis; the sad reverse of their fortunes; their fear, which, notwithstanding their struggles to conceal it, was but too evident, excited the strongest emotions of compassion in my mind." He endeavoured by every mark of tenderness, and by the strongest assurances of protection and respect, to tranquillize their minds. His first object was to discover where the Sultan was concealed. He next requested their assent to the opening of the gates. At this proposition they were alarmed. Without the authority of their father, whom they desired to consult, they were afraid to take upon themselves a decision of such unspeakable importance. The major assured them, that he would post a guard of their own sepoys within the palace, and a guard of Europeans without; that no person should enter but by his authority; that he would return and remain with them, until General Baird should arrive; and that their own lives, as well as that of every person in the palace, depended upon their compliance. Their confidence was gained. Upon opening the gate, Major Allan found General Baird and several officers with a large body of troops assembled. It was not safe to admit the troops, who were burning for vengeance. And Major Allan returned to conduct the princes, whose reluctance to quit the palace was not easy to be overcome, to the presence of the general. General Baird was one of those British officers who had

personally experienced the cruelty of their father, and suffered all the horrors of a three years' imprisonment in the place which he had now victoriously entered. His mind too had been inflamed by a report at that instant received, that Tippoo had murdered all the Europeans made prisoners during the siege. "He was nevertheless," says Major Allan, "sensibly affected by the sight of the princes ; and his gallantry on the assault was not more conspicuous, than the moderation and humanity which he on this occasion displayed. He received the princes with every mark of regard : repeatedly assured them that no violence or insult should be offered to them, and he gave them in charge to two officers to conduct them to headquarters in camp." They were escorted by the light company of a European regiment ; and the troops were ordered to pay them the compliment of presented arms as they passed.

The mind dwells with peculiar delight upon these instances in which the sweet sympathies which one human being has with another, and which are of infinite importance in private life, prevail over the destructive passions, alternately the cause, and consequence, of war. The pleasure, at the same time, which we feel in conceiving the emotions produced in such a scene, leads the bulk of mankind to overvalue greatly the virtues which they imply. When you have glutted upon your victim the passions of ambition and revenge ; when you have reduced him from greatness and power, to the weakness and dependence which mark the insect on which you tread, a few tears, and the restraint of the foot from the final stamp, are not a very arduous virtue. The grand misfortune is to be made an insect. When that is done, it is a slight, if any, addition to the misfortune to be crushed at once. The virtue to which

exalted praise would be due, and to which human nature is gradually ascending, would be, to restrain in time the selfish desires which hurry us on to the havoc we are vain of contemplating with a sort of pity after we have made it. Let not the mercy, however, be slighted, which is shown even to the victim we have made. It is so much gained for human nature. It is a gain which, however late, the progress and diffusion of philosophy at last have produced; they will in time produce other and greater results.

When the persons of the princes were secured, Tippoo was to be searched for in every corner of the palace. A party of English troops were admitted, and those of Tippoo disarmed. After proceeding through several of the apartments, the Kelledar was entreated, if he valued his own life, or that of his master, to discover where he was concealed. That officer, laying his hand upon the hilt of Major Allan's sword, protested, in the most solemn manner, that the Sultan was not in the palace; that he had been wounded during the storm; and was lying in a gateway on the northern side of the fort. He offered to conduct the inquirers; and submit to any punishment if he was found to have deceived. General Baird and the officers who accompanied him, proceeded to the spot; covered with a promiscuous and shocking heap of bodies wounded and dead. At first, the bodies were dragged out of the gateway to be examined, it being already too dark to distinguish them where they lay. As this mode of examination, however, threatened to be very tedious, a light was procured, and Major Allan and the Kelledar went forward to the place. After some search, the Sultan's palankeen was discovered, and under it a person wounded, but not dead. He was afterwards ascertained to be the Rajah

Khan, one of Tippoo's most confidential servants, who had attended his master during the whole of the fatal day. This person being made acquainted with the object of the search, pointed out the spot where the Sultan had fallen. The body being brought out and sufficiently recognised, was conveyed in a palankeen to the palace. It was warm when first discovered; the eyes were open, the features not distorted, and Major Allan and Colonel Wellesley were for a few moments doubtful whether it was not alive. It had four wounds, three in the trunk, and one in the temple, the ball of which, having entered a little above the right ear, had lodged in the cheek. His dress consisted of a jacket of fine white linen, loose drawers of flowered chintz, the usual girdle of the east, crimson-coloured, tied round his waist; and a handsome pouch, with a belt of silk, red and green, hung across his shoulder. He had an amulet on his arm; but his ornaments, if he wore any, were gone.

History of India.

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

CHARLES LAMB

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had

been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining country; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a

good and religious woman ; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was ; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain ; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house ; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm” ; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them ; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself,

unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in those busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make him carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house

and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grand-mother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago; such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and

denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was ; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech : “ We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing ; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name ”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L— (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Essays of Elia.

ON SHAKESPEARE

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

It becomes our duty to take a summary survey of his works, of his intellectual powers, and of his station in literature,—a station which is now irrevocably settled, not so much (which happens in other cases) by a vast over-balance of favourable suffrages, as by acclamation ; not so much by the voices of those who admire him up to the verge of idolatry, as by the acts of those who

everywhere seek for his works among the primal necessities of life, demand them and crave them as they do their daily bread; not so much by eulogy openly proclaiming itself, as by the silent homage recorded in the endless multiplication of what he has bequeathed us; not so much by his own compatriots, who with regard to almost every other author, compose the total amount of his effective audience, as by the unanimous "All hail!" of intellectual Christendom; finally, not by the hasty partisanship of his own generation, nor by the biassed judgment of an age trained in the same modes of feeling and of thinking with himself, but by the solemn award of generation succeeding to generation, of one age correcting the obliquities or peculiarities of another; by the verdict of (many) years . . . ; a verdict which has been continually revived and re-opened, probed, searched, vexed, by criticism in every spirit, from the most genial and intelligent, down to the most malignant and scurrilously hostile which feeble heads and great ignorance could suggest when co-operating with impure hearts and narrow sensibilities; a verdict, in short, sustained and countersigned by a longer series of writers, many of them eminent for wit or learning, than were ever before congregated upon any inquest relating to any author, be he who he might, ancient or modern, Pagan or Christian. It was a most witty saying with respect to a piratical and knavish publisher, who made a trade of insulting the memories of deceased authors by forged writings, that he was "among the new terrors of death." But in the gravest sense it may be affirmed of Shakespeare that he is among the modern luxuries of life; that life, in fact, is a new thing, and one more to be coveted, since Shakespeare has extended the domains of human con-

sciousness, and pushed its dark frontiers into regions not so much as dimly descried or even suspected before his time, far less illuminated (as now they are) by beauty and tropical luxuriance of life.

A SWIM IN THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

TO-DAY I have been mortified, bitterly. The morning was hot and cloudless, I sauntered along the brink of the Rapids, descended the long tiresome spiral staircase which leads directly to the ferry on the river.

Instead of crossing over in the boat to Canada, I threaded my way along the rugged and rocky shore. I came to a solitary hollow by the river side, about a mile below the Falls. The agitated water mining the banks, had broadened its bed and covered the shelving shore there with massy fragments of dark limestone rocks. The mural cliffs rose on each side two or three hundred feet almost perpendicularly, yet pine trees and cypress and yew managed to scale the steep ascent and to hold their ground, boring into the hard rocks with their harder roots, till, undermined by the continual rising of the water, they had fallen. Even at this distance from the Falls the waters in the mid-channel were still boiling and bubbling and covered with foam, raging along and spreading out in all directions. Pieces of timber I threw in spun round in concentric circles. Then turning and twisting against the rocks like crushed serpents, it flowed on to the Rapids and formed dangerous whirlpools two miles lower down. Above the Falls this river is a mile broad, where I was now

it was less than half a mile, above and below me not more than a quarter; so that flowing through a deep ravine of rocks it was very deep even to its brink, and in the centre they say above a hundred feet. The sun was now at its zenith and its rays concentrated into the tunnel made my brains boil, the water was not agitated, was of that tempting emerald green which looks so voluptuously cool like molten jasper flaked with snow.

I never resist the syren pleasure, when she is surrounded by her water nymphs in their sea-green mantles, and my blood is boiling. I hastily cast aside my clothes, with nerves throbbing and panting breast, and clambering up to a ledge of rock jutting over a clear deep pool, I spring in head foremost. In an instant every nerve was restrung and set to the tune of vigorous boyhood. I spring up and gambol between wind and water.

To excel in swimming long and strong limbs and a pliant body are indispensable, the chest too should be broad, the greatest breadth of most fish is close to the head; the back must be bent inwards (incavated), the head reined back like a swan's and the chest thrown forward; thus the body will float without exertion. The legs and arms after striking out should be drawn up and pressed close together, and five seconds between each stroke, as in running distances so in swimming distances, it is indispensable. Your life depends upon it, avoid being blown, the strongest swimmer, like the strongest horse, is done when his respiration fails. Utterly regardless of these truths, notwithstanding it is the pure gold of personal experience, in the wanton pride of my strength and knowledge of the art, I gambolled and played all sorts of gymnastics; me-

thought the water, all wild as it was, was too sluggish, so I wheeled into mid-channel and dashing down the stream, I was determined to try my strength in those places where the waters are wildest. I floated for some time over the eddying whirls without much difficulty and then struck through them right across the river.

This triumph steeled my confidence of "the ice brook's temper," after gaining breath regardless that I had changed the field of action in having been borne a long way down the river, consequently that I was rapidly approaching the Rapids, which nor boat nor anything with life can live in.

Well, thinking alone of the grandeur and wildness of the scene, I swam on without difficulty, yet I felt the chill that follows over-exertion stealing up my extremities, cramping my toes and fingers with sudden twitches. I was again returned to the centre of the vortical part of the river, I was out of sight of the Falls, the water was becoming rougher and rougher, I was tossed about and drifting fast down. I now remembered the terrible whirlpool below me, I could make no progress, the stream was mastering me. I thought I had no time to lose so I incautiously put forth my strength, springing in the water with energy to cross the arrowy stream transversely, conceiving that when I reached the smoother part, out of the vortex of mid-channel, my work was done. I seemed to be held by the legs and sucked downwards, the scumming surf broke over and blinded me, I began to ship water. In the part of the river I had now drifted to the water was frightfully agitated, it was broken and raging all around me; still my exertions augmented with the opposition, I breathed quicker and with increasing difficulty, I kept my eye steadily on the dark-browed

precipice before me, it seemed receding; I thought of returning, but the distance and difficulty was equally balanced; the rotary action of the water under its surface, when I relaxed my exertions, sucked my body, heels foremost, downwards. Whilst breathing hard I swallowed the spray, my strength suddenly declined, I was compelled to keep my mouth open panting and gasping, my lower extremities sank. I looked around to see if there was any timber floating, or any boat or person on the shore. There was nothing, and if there had been no one could have seen me enveloped in spray, and the distant voice of the falls drowned all other sounds: the thought that my time was come at last flashed across my mind, I thought what a fool I was to blindly abuse my own gained knowledge and thus cast myself away; the lessons of experience like the inscriptions on tombs grow faint and illegible if not continually renewed. Why did I attempt to cross a part of the river that none had ever crossed before? There was not even the excitement of a fool on the shore to see or say he had seen me do it. Why had I not spoken to the man at the ferry, he would have followed me in his boat. I remembered, too, hearing the thing was not practicable; why, what a wayward fool am I. These things acted as a spur, these truths crossed my mind rapidly, and I thought of all the scenes of drowning I had seen; of my own repeated perils that way. I heard the voices of the dead calling to me, I actually thought, as my mind grew darker, that they were tugging at my feet. Aston's horrid death by drowning nearly paralysed me. I endeavoured in vain to shake off these thick-coming fancies, they glowed before me. Thus I lay suspended between life and death. I was borne fearfully and rapidly along. I had

lost all power, I could barely keep my head above the surface, I waxed fainter and fainter, there was no possibility of help. I occasionally turned on my back to rest and endeavour to recover my breath, but the agitation of the water and surf got into my mouth and nostrils, the water stuck in my throat, which was instantly followed by the agonizing sensation of strangulation. This I well knew was an unerring first symptom of a suffocating death. Instead of air I sucked in the flying spray it's impossible either to swallow or cast out again, and whilst struggling to do either I only drew in more. The torture of choking was terrible, my limbs were cold and almost lifeless, my stomach too was cramped. I saw the waters of the Rapids below me raging and all about hissing. I thought now how much I would have given for a spiked nail so fixed that I could have rested the ball of my toe on it for one instant and have drawn one gulp of air unimpeded, to have swallowed the water that was sticking in the mid-channel of my windpipe; nay I would have been glad at any risk to have rested on the point of a lancet. I had settled down till I was suspended in the water, the throbbing and heaving of my breast and heart and increased swelling in my throat and now so completely paralysed my limbs, that I thought of giving up a struggle which seemed hopeless. My uppermost thought was mortification at this infallible proof of my declining strength, well I knew there was a time in which I could have forced my way through ten times these impediments; the only palliation I could think of was the depth and icy chilliness of the water which came straight from the regions of the frigid zone. This contracted all my muscles and sinews, my head grew dizzy from bending the spine backwards, the blow I had

received from the upset I had not recovered; the ball, too, immediately over my jugular vein retards the circulation; my right arm has never recovered its strength and it was now benumbed. All this and much more I thought of, my body, said I, "is like a leaky skiff" no longer sea-worthy, and "my soul shall swim out of it" and free myself. I thought the links which held me to life were so worn that the shock which broke them would be slight. It had always been my prayer to die in the pride of my strength,—age, however it approached, with wealth and power, or on crutches and in rags was to me equally loathsome,—better to perish before he had touched (me) with his withering finger, in this wild place, on a foreign shore. Niagara "chanting a thunder psalm" as a requiem was a fitting end to my wild meteor-like life. Thoughts like these absorbed me. I no longer in the bitterness of my heart struggled against the waters which whirled me along, and certainly this despair as if in mockery preserved me. For looking again towards the shore I saw that I had been carried nearer to it, and without any exertion on my part I floated lighter, the under-tow no longer drew me down, and presently the water became smooth, I had been cast out of the vortex and was drifting towards the rocks. I heard the boiling commotion of the tremendous Rapids and saw the spume flying in the air a little below me, and then I lay stranded, sick and dizzy, everything still seemed whirling round and round and the waters singing in my ears. The sun had descended behind the cliffs, and my limbs shook so violently that I could not stand; I lay there for some time, and then, as the rocks were too rugged to admit of walking, I swam slowly up along the shore. I was deeply mortified, the maxim which has so long borne me towards

my desires triumphantly—go on till you are stopped—fails me here. I have been stopped, there is no denying it, death would have pained me less than this conviction. I must change my vaunting crest.

My shadow trembling on the black rock as reflected by the last rays of the setting sun, shows me as in a glass, that my youth and strength have fled. When I had recovered my breath I dressed myself and walked sullenly to the ferry boat. I took the two heavy oars and exerting my utmost strength bent them like rattans as I forced the clumsy boat against the stream. The ferry man where I landed seemed surprised at my impetuosity, he said the sun's been so hot to-day that he was dead beat, I said "Why, how old are you?" "Oh," he said, "that's nothing," he was thirty-eight. "Thirty-eight," I echoed, "then you are not worth a damn, you had better look out for the alms-house." I started off running up the steep acclivity and heard him muttering "Why, you aren't so very young yourself; what the devil does he mean?" When I got to the summit I threw myself down on a ledge of rock, instead of over as I should have done, and fell asleep, and thus ended the day; I shall not however forget it.

WORK

THOMAS CARLYLE

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mean, is in communication with

Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

It has been written, "An endless significance lies in work," as man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all these lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dry-worker; but as he bends himself with free valour against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring afar off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame?

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular.

Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay—how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but

without his wheel, reduced to make dishes by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, un-revolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How as the free flowing channel of an ever-deepening river it runs and flows; draining off the sour water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stone heaps, of foolish unarchitectural bishops, red-tape officials; and

see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that. Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, if he be able. All these are against him. Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not!

His very money, where is it to come from? Pious munificence, and all help is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, vanquish and compel all these, and strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice: Thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly in Portland stone there!

Yes, all manner of work is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature; work is of a *brave* nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's." A waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along.

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king-Columbus, my

hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small sails in this cockle skiff of thine! Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that.

Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-west spend itself; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of silence in thee, deeper than this Sea; a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on to new Americas, or whither God wills!

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, for-ever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of thee a force for Work, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it! Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a

blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. Thou, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that “Agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God’s Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time!

PURITANS AND ROYALISTS

LORD MACAULAY

WE would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out.

For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were, therefore, abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were, indeed, fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt.

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy,—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on

the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face.

Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all

the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion ; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker : but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid His face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncoouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and

raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity—that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest and a useful body.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers and bravoos, whom the hope of licence and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen.

Thinking, as we do, that the cause of the king was

the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were, indeed, misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa ; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress.

In truth, they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought ; but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness and respect for women. They had far

more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Essay on Milton.

ADDISON'S WIT AND HUMOUR

LORD MACAULAY

IN wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the *Spectators* as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in *Hudibras*. The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet, a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humour, of his

sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm: we give ourselves up to it: but we strive in vain to analyse it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme.

Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inwardly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the

lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humour of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavour than the humour of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbe Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the *World*, in the *Connoisseur*, in the *Mirror*, in the *Lounger*, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. Most of those papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything

but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistopheles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison; a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettsworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement, in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Essay on Addison.

ADDISON THE MAN AND THE WRITER

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ADDISON wrote his papers as gaily as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and as it seemed an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old: full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet; a few Latin poems—graceful prolusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and *The Campaign*, a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the *Tatler*, Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep: let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life: whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for

a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries; and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals' hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the Garter in St. James's-street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen; and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the city, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute club-men of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking, which alas! is past praying for, you must know it, he owned, too, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know, he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humour in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting

alone in it somehow: having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humours of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbour's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbour. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity: if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *apropos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator: if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden: if he were wiser than he is: if he had not his humour to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preservee—of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him: we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded

in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tyewig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture: a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses: but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his

whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

The English Humourists.

THE POWER OF TIME

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

It may be accepted for certain, to begin with, that men who seriously care for culture, and make it, next to moral duty, the principal object of their lives, are but little exposed to waste time in downright frivolity of any kind. You may be perfectly idle at your own times, and perfectly frivolous even, whenever you have a mind to be frivolous, but then you will be clearly aware how the time is passing, and you will throw it away knowingly, as the most careful of money-economists will throw away a few sovereigns in a confessedly foolish amusement, merely for the relief of a break in the habit of his life. To a man of such tastes and temper there is no danger of wasting too much time so long as the waste is intentional; but he is exposed to time-losses of a much more insidious character.

It is in our pursuits themselves that we throw away our most valuable time. Few intellectual men have the art of economising the hours of study. The very necessity, which everyone acknowledges, of giving vast portions of life to attain proficiency in anything, makes us prodigal where we ought to be parsimonious, and careless where we have need of unceasing vigilance. The best time-savers are the love of soundness in all we learn or do, and a cheerful acceptance of inevitable limitations. There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labour is as completely thrown away as that of a mechanic who began to make an engine but never finished it.

Sir Arthur Helps says: "Time and occasion are the two important circumstances in human life, as regards which the most mistaken estimates are made. And the error is universal. It besets even the most studious and philosophic men. This may notably be seen in the present day, when many most distinguished men have laid down projects for literature and philosophy, to be accomplished by them in their own life-time, which would require several men and many life-times to complete; and generally speaking, if any person who has passed the meridian of life looks back upon his career, he will probably own that his greatest errors have arisen from his not having made sufficient allowance for the length of time which his various schemes required for their fulfilment."

There are many traditional maxims about time which insist upon its brevity, upon the necessity of using it whilst it is there, upon the impossibility of recovering what is lost; but the practical effect of these maxims

upon conduct can scarcely be said to answer to their undeniable importance. The truth is, that although they tell us to economise our time, they cannot, in the nature of things, instruct us as to the methods by which it is to be economised. Human life is so extremely various and complicated, whilst it tends every day to still greater variety and complication, that all maxims of a general nature require a far higher degree of intelligence in their application to individual cases than it ever cost originally to invent them. Any person gifted with ordinary common sense can perceive that life is short, that time flies, that we ought to make good use of the present; but it needs the union of much experience, with the most consummate wisdom, to know exactly what ought to be done and what ought to be left undone—the latter being frequently by far the more important of the two.

Amongst the favourable influences of my early life was the kindness of a venerable country gentleman, who had seen a great deal of the world and passed many years, before he inherited his estates, in the practice of a laborious profession. I remember a theory of his, that experience was much less valuable than is generally supposed, because, except in matters of simple routine, the problems that present themselves to us for solution are nearly always dangerous from the presence of some unknown element. The unknown element he regarded as a hidden pitfall, and he warned me that in my progress through life I might always expect to tumble into it. This saying of his has been so often confirmed since then, that I now count upon the pitfall quite as a matter of certainty. Very frequently I have escaped it, but more by good luck than good management. Sometimes I have

tumbled into it, and when this misfortune occurred it has not unfrequently been in consequence of having acted upon the advice of some very knowing and experienced person indeed.

We have all read Captain Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*. There is a passage in that story which may serve as an illustration of what is constantly happening in actual life. The boats of the "Harpy" were ordered to board one of the enemy's vessels; young Easy was in command of one of these boats, and as they had to wait he began to fish. After they had received the order to advance, he delayed a little to catch his fish, and this delay not only saved him from being sunk by the enemy's broadside, but enabled him to board the Frenchman. Here the pitfall was avoided by idling away a minute of time on an occasion when minutes were like hours; yet it was mere luck, not wisdom, which led to the good result. There was a sad railway accident on one of the continental lines last autumn; a notable personage would have been in the train if he had arrived in time for it, but his miscalculation saved him.

In matters where there is no risk of the loss of life, but only of the waste of a portion of it in unprofitable employment, it frequently happens that procrastination, which is reputed to be the thief of time, becomes its best preserver. Suppose that you undertake an enterprise, but defer the execution of it from day to day: it is quite possible that in the interval some fact may accidentally come to your knowledge which would cause a great modification of your plan, or even its complete abandonment. Every thinking person is well aware that the enormous loss of time caused by the friction of our legislative machinery has preserved

the country from a great deal of crude and ill-digested legislation. Even Napoleon the Great, who had a rapidity of conception and of action so far surpassing that of other kings and commanders that it seems to us almost supernatural, said that when you did not quite know what ought to be done it was best to do nothing at all. One of the most distinguished of living painters said exactly the same thing with reference to the practice of his art, and added that very little time would be needed for the actual execution of a picture if only the artist knew beforehand how and where to lay the colour.

It so often happens that mere activity is a waste of time, that people who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters, whilst, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.

Men are apt enough of themselves to fall into the most astonishing delusions about the opportunities which time affords, but they are even more deluded by the talk of the people about them. When children hear that a new carriage has been ordered of the builder, they expect to see it driven up to the door in a fortnight, with the paint quite dry on the panels. All people are children in this respect, except the workman, who knows the endless details of productions; and the workman himself, notwithstanding the lessons of experience, makes light of the future task. What gigantic plans we scheme, and how little we advance in the labour of a day! If there is one lesson which experience teaches, surely it is this, to make plans that are strictly limited, and to arrange our work in a practicable way

within the limits that we must accept. Others expect so much from us that it seems as if we had accomplished nothing. "What! have you done only that?" they say, or we know by their looks that they are thinking it.

The most illusory of all the work that we propose to ourselves is reading. It seems so easy to read, that we intend in the indefinite future, to master the vastest literatures. We cannot bring ourselves to admit that the library we have collected is in great part closed to us simply by want of time. A dear friend of mine, who was a solicitor with a large practice, indulged in wonderful illusions about reading, and collected several thousand volumes, all fine editions, but he died without having cut their leaves. I like the university habit of making reading a business, and estimating the mastery of a few authors as a just title to consideration for scholarship. I should like very well to be shut up in a garden for a whole summer with no literature but the *Faerie Queene*, and one year I very nearly realised that project, but publishers and the postman interfered with it. After all, this business of reading ought to be less illusory than most others, for printers divide books into pages, which they number, so that, with a moderate skill in arithmetic, one ought to be able to foresee the limits of one's possibilities.

All plans for sparing time in intellectual matters ought, however, to proceed upon the principle of thrift, and not upon the principle of avarice. The object of the thrifty man in money matters is so to lay out his money as to get the best possible result from his expenditure; the object of the avaricious man is to spend no more money than he can help. An artist who taught me painting often repeated a piece of advice which is valuable in other things than art, and which I try to

remember whenever patience fails. He used to say to me, "*Give it time.*" The mere length of time that we bestow upon our work is in itself a most important element of success.

There are, in truth, only two ways of impressing anything on the memory,—either intensity or duration. If you saw a man struck down by an assassin, you would remember the occurrence all your life; but to remember with equal vividness a picture of the assassination, you would probably be obliged to spend a month or two in copying it. The subjects of our studies rarely produce an intensity of emotion sufficient to ensure perfect recollection without the expenditure of time. And when your object is not to learn, but to produce, it is well to bear in mind that everything requires a certain definite time-outlay, which *cannot* be reduced without an inevitable injury to quality.

There is another side to this subject which deserves attention. Some men work best under the sense of pressure. Simple compression evolves heat from iron, so that there is a flash of fire when a ball hits the side of an ironclad. The same law seems to hold good in the intellectual life of man, whenever he needs the stimulus of extraordinary excitement. Rossini positively advised a young composer never to write his overture until the evening before the first performance. "Nothing," he said, "excites inspiration like necessity,—the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy in my time all the managers were bald at thirty. I composed the overture to 'Othello' in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and most ferocious of managers had shut me up by force with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and the

threat that I should not leave the place alive until I had written the last note. I wrote the overture to the 'Gazza Ladra' on the day of the first performance, in the upper loft of the La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager, under the guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out of the window bit by bit to copyists, who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music, I was to be thrown out myself."

I have quoted the best instance known to me of this voluntary seeking after pressure, but striking as it is, even this instance does not weaken what I said before. For observe, that although Rossini deferred the composition of his overture till the evening before the first performance, he knew very well that he could do it thoroughly in the time. He was like a clever schoolboy who knows that he can learn his lesson in the quarter of an hour before the class begins. Since Rossini always allowed himself all the time that was necessary for what he had to do, it is clear that he did not sin against the great time-necessity. The blameable error lies in miscalculation, and not in rapidity of performance.

Little books are occasionally published in which we are told that it is a sin to lose a minute. From the intellectual point of view this doctrine is simply stupid. What the Philistines call wasted time is often rich in the most varied experience to the intelligent. If all we have learned in idle moments could be suddenly expelled from our minds by some chemical process, it is probable that they would be worth very little afterwards. What, after such a process, would have remained to Shakespeare, Scott, Cervantes, Thackeray, Dickens, Hogarth, Goldsmith, Moliere? When these great students of human nature were learning most, the sort

of people who write the foolish little books just alluded to would have wanted to send them home to the dictionary or the desk. Topffer and Claude Tillier, both men of delicate and observant genius, attached the greatest importance to hours of idleness. Topffer said that a year of downright loitering was a desirable element in a liberal education ; while Claude Tillier went even further, and boldly affirmed that "the time best employed is that which one loses."

The Intellectual Life.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

LORD AVEBURY

"Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee."

JOB.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

SHAKESPEARE.

WE are told in the first chapter of Genesis that at the close of the sixth day "God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." Not merely some things, but every thing ; not merely good, but very good. Yet how few of us appreciate the beautiful world in which we live !

Hamerton, in his charming work on "*Landscape*, says, "There are, I believe, four new experiences for which no description ever adequately prepares us, the first sight of the sea, the first journey in the desert, the sight of flowing molten lava, and a walk on a great glacier.

We feel in each case that the strange thing is pure nature, as much nature as a familiar English moor, yet so extraordinary that we might be in another planet." But it would, I think, be easier to enumerate the Wonders of Nature for which description can prepare us, than those which are beyond the power of language.

Many of us, however, walk through the world like ghosts, as if we were in it, but not of it. We have "eyes and see not, ears and hear not." We must look before we can expect to see. To look is indeed much less easy than to overlook, and to be able to see what we do see, is a great gift. Ruskin maintains that "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way." I do not suppose that his eyes are better than ours, but how much more he sees with them!

"To the attentive eye," says Emerson, "each moment of the year has its own beauty; and in the same field it beholds every hour a picture that was never seen before, and shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath."

The love of Nature is a great gift, and if it is frozen or crushed out, the character can hardly fail to suffer from the loss. I will not, indeed, say that a person who does not love Nature is necessarily bad; or that one who does, is necessarily good; but it is to most minds a great help. Many, as Miss Cobbe says, enter the Temple through the gate called Beautiful.

There are doubtless some to whom none of the beautiful wonders of Nature; neither the glories of the rising or setting sun; the magnificent spectacle of the boundless ocean, sometimes so grand in its peaceful tranquillity, at others so majestic in its mighty power;

the forests agitated by the storm, or alive with the song of birds; nor the glaciers and mountains—there are doubtless some whom none of these magnificent spectacles can move, whom “all the glories of heaven and earth may pass in daily succession without touching their hearts or elevating their minds.”

Such men are indeed pitiable. But, happily, they are exceptions. If we can none of us as yet fully appreciate the beauties of Nature, we are beginning to do so more and more.

For most of us the early summer has a special charm. The very life is luxury. The air is full of scent, and sound, and sunshine, of the song of birds and the murmur of insects; the meadows gleam with golden buttercups; one can almost see the grass grow and the buds open; the bees hum for very joy, and the air is full of a thousand scents, above all perhaps that of new-mown hay.

The exquisite beauty and delight of a fine summer's day in the country has never perhaps been more truly, and therefore more beautifully, described than by Jefferies in his “Pageant of Summer.” “I linger,” he says, “in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; from all of them I receive a little. . . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could

I have enough ; never stay long enough. . . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . . These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance. To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature.

I must not, however, enlarge on the contrast and variety of the seasons, each of which has its own special charm and interest, as

“The daughters of the year
Dance into light and die into the shade.”

Our countrymen derive great pleasure from the animal kingdom, in hunting, shooting, and fishing, thus obtaining fresh air and exercise, and being led into much varied and beautiful scenery. Still it will probably ere long be recognized that even from a purely selfish point of view, killing animals is not the way to get the greatest enjoyment from them. How much more interesting would every walk in the country be, if Man would but treat other animals with kindness, so that they might approach us without fear, and we might have the constant pleasure of watching their winning ways. Their origin and history, structure and habits, senses and intelligence, offer an endless field of interest and wonder.

The richness of life is marvellous. Any one who will sit down quietly on the grass and watch a little, will be indeed surprised at the number and variety of living beings, every one with a special history of its own, every one offering endless problems of great interest.

"If indeed thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine."

The study of Natural History has the special advantage of carrying us into the country and the open air.

Not but what towns are beautiful too. They teem with human interest and historical associations.

Wordsworth was an intense lover of Nature; yet does he not tell us, in lines which every Londoner will appreciate, that he knew nothing in Nature more fair, no calm more deep, than the city of London at early dawn?

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

Milton also described London as

"Too blest abode, no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee."

Some of our streets indeed are lines of loveliness, but yet, after being some time in a great city, one longs for the country.

“The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.”

Here Gray justly places flowers in the first place, for whenever in any great town we think of the country, flowers seem first to suggest themselves.

“Flowers,” says Ruskin, “seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager’s treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace.” But in the crowded street, or even in the formal garden, flowers always seem, to me at least, as if they were pining for the freedom of the woods and fields, where they can live and grow as they list.

There are flowers for almost all seasons and all places,—flowers for spring, summer, and autumn; while even in the very depth of winter here and there one makes its appearance. There are flowers of the fields and woods and hedgerows, of the seashore and the lake’s margin, of the mountain-side up to the very edge of the eternal snow.

And what an infinite variety they present.

“Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

Nor are they mere delights to the eye ; they are full of mystery and suggestions. They almost seem like enchanted princesses waiting for some princely deliverer. Wordsworth tells us that

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Every colour again, every variety of form, has some purpose and explanation.

And yet, lovely as Flowers are, Leaves add even more to the Beauty of Nature. Trees in our northern latitudes seldom own large flowers ; and though of course there are notable exceptions, such as the Horse-chestnut, still even in these cases the flowers live only a few days, while the leaves last for months.

Every tree indeed is a picture in itself : The gnarled and rugged Oak—the symbol and source of our navy, sacred to the memory of the Druids, the type of strength,—is the sovereign of British trees : the Chestnut has beautiful, tapering, and rich green, glossy leaves, delicious fruit, and wood so durable that to it we owe the grand and historic roof of Westminster Hall.

The Birch is the queen of trees, with her feathery foliage, scarcely visible in spring but turning to gold in autumn; the pendulous twigs tinged with purple, and silver stems so brilliantly marked with black and white.

The Beech enlivens the country by its tender green in spring, rich tints in summer, and glorious gold and orange in autumn, set off by the graceful grey stem; and has, moreover, such a wealth of leaves that, as we see in autumn, there are enough not only to clothe the tree itself but to cover the grass below.

If the Beech owes much to its delicate grey stem, quite as beautiful is the reddish crimson of the Scotch Pine, in such charming contrast with the rich green of the foliage, by which it is shown off rather than hidden. Pines, moreover, with the green spires of the Firs, keep the woods warm in winter.

The Elm forms grand masses of foliage which turn a beautiful golden yellow in autumn; and the Black Poplar with its perpendicular leaves, rustling and trembling with every breath of wind, towers over most of our other forest trees.

Nor must I overlook the smaller trees: the Yew with its thick green foliage; the wild Guelder rose, which lights up the woods in autumn with translucent glossy berries and many-tinted leaves; or the Bryonies, the Briar, the Traveller's Joy, and many another plant, even humbler perhaps, and yet each with some exquisite beauty and grace of its own, so that we must all have sometimes felt our hearts overflowing with gladness and gratitude, as if the woods were full of music—as if

“The woods were filled so full with song

There seemed no room for sense of wrong.”

On the whole, no doubt, woodlands are most beautiful in the summer; yet even in winter the delicate tracery of the branches, which cannot be so well seen when they are clothed with leaves, has a special beauty of its own; while every now and then hoar frost or snow settles like silver on every branch and twig, lighting up the forest as if by enchantment in preparation for some fairy festival.

I feel with Jefferies that "by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought."

The general effect of forests in tropical regions must be very different from that of those in our latitudes. Kingsley describes it as one of helplessness, confusion, awe, all but terror. The trunks are lofty and straight, rising to a great height without a branch, so that the wood seems at first comparatively open. In Brazilian forests, for instance, the trees struggle upwards, and the foliage forms an unbroken canopy, perhaps a hundred feet overhead. Here, indeed, high up in the air is the real life of the forest. Everything seems to climb to the light. The quadrupeds climb, birds climb, reptiles climb, and the variety of climbing plants is far greater than anything to which we are accustomed.

Many savage nations worship trees, and I really think my first feeling would be one of delight and interest rather than of surprise, if some day when I am alone in a wood one of the trees were to speak to me. Even if not enchanted they are enchanting: by day they are mysterious, and this is much more the case at night.

With wood Water seems to be naturally associated. Without water no landscape is complete, while overhead the clouds add beauty to the heavens themselves. The spring and the rivulet, the brook, the river, and the lake, seem to give life to Nature, and were indeed regarded by our ancestors as living entities themselves. Water is beautiful in the morning mist, in the broad lake, in the glancing stream, in the river pool, or the wide ocean, beautiful in all its varied moods. It nourishes vegetation; it clothes the lowlands with green and the mountains with snow. It sculptures the rocks and excavates the valleys, in most cases acting mainly through the soft rain, though our 'harder rocks are still grooved by the ice-chisel of bygone ages.

The refreshing power of water upon the earth is scarcely greater than that which it exercises on the mind of man. After a long spell of work how delightful it is to sit by a lake or river, or on the seashore, and enjoy the fresh air, the glancing sunshine on the water, and the ripple of the waves upon sand.

Every Englishman loves the sight of the Sea. We feel that it is to us a second home. It seems to vivify the very atmosphere, so that Sea air is proverbial as a tonic, and the very thought of it makes the blood dance in our veins. The Ocean gives an impression of freedom and grandeur more intense perhaps even than the aspect of the heavens themselves. A poor woman from Manchester, on being taken to the seaside is said to have expressed her delight on seeing for the first time something of which there was enough for everybody. The sea coast is always interesting. When we think of the cliff sections with their histories of bygone ages; the shore itself teeming with seaweeds and animals, waiting for the return of the tide, or thrown

up from deeper water by the waves; the weird cries of seabirds; the delightful feeling that, with every breath, we are laying in a store of fresh health, energy, and even life, it is impossible to over-estimate all we owe to the Sea.

It is, moreover, always changing. We went for our holiday last year to Lyme Regis. Let me attempt to describe the changes in the view from our windows during a single day. Our sitting-room opened on to a little lawn, beyond which the ground dropped suddenly to the sea, while over about two miles of water were the hills of the Dorsetshire coast—Golden Cap, with its bright crest of yellow sand, and the dark blue Lias Cliff of Black Ven. When I came down early in the morning the sun was rising opposite, shining into the room over a calm sea, along an avenue of light; by degrees, as it rose, the whole sea glowed in the sunshine, while the hills were bathed in a violet mist. By breakfast-time all colour had faded from the sea—it was like silver passing on each side into grey; the sky blue, flecked with fleecy clouds; while, on the gentler slopes of the coast opposite, fields and woods, and quarries and lines of stratification begin to show themselves, though the cliffs were still in shadow, and the more distant headlands still a mere succession of ghosts, each one fainter than the one before it. As the morning advances the sea becomes blue, the dark woods, green meadows, and golden cornfields of the opposite coast more distinct, the details of the cliffs come gradually into view, and fishing-boats with dark sails begin to appear.

Gradually as the sun rises higher, a yellow line of shore appears under the opposite cliffs, and the sea changes its colour, mapping itself out as it were, the

shallower parts turquoise blue, almost green ; the deeper ones violet.

This does not last long—a thunderstorm comes up. The wind mutters overhead, the rain patters on the leaves, the coast opposite seems to shrink into itself, as if it would fly from the storm. The sea grows dark and rough, and white horses appear here and there.

But the storm is soon over. The clouds break, the rain stops, the sun shines once more, the hills opposite come out again. They are divided now not only into fields and woods, but into sunshine and shadow. The sky clears, and as the sun begins to descend westwards the sea becomes one beautiful clear uniform azure, changing again soon to pale blue in front and dark violet beyond ; and once more, as clouds begin to gather again, into an archipelago of bright blue sea and islands of deep ultramarine. As the sun travels westward, the opposite hills change again. They scarcely seem like the same country. What was in sun is now in shade, and what was in shade now lies bright in the sunshine. The sea once more becomes a uniform solid blue, only flecked in places by scuds of wind, and becoming paler towards evening as the sun sinks, the cliffs which catch his setting rays losing their deep colour and in some places looking almost as white as chalk ; while at sunset they light up again for a moment with a golden glow, the sea at the same time sinking to a cold grey. But soon the hills grow cold too, Golden Cap holding out bravely to the last, and the shades of evening settle over cliff and wood, cornfield and meadow.

These are but a part, and a very small part, of the changes of a single day. And scarcely any two days are alike. At times a sea-fog covers everything. Again the sea which sleeps to-day so peacefully sometimes

rages, and the very existence of the bay itself bears witness to its force.

The night, again, varies like the day. Sometimes shrouded by a canopy of darkness, sometimes lit up by millions of brilliant worlds, sometimes bathed in the light of a moon, which never retains the same form for two nights together.

If Lakes are less grand than the sea, they are in some respects even more lovely. The seashore is comparatively bare. The banks of Lakes are often richly clothed with vegetation which comes close down to the water's edge, sometimes hanging even into the water itself. They are often studded with well-wooded islands. They are sometimes fringed with green meadows, sometimes bounded by rocky promontories rising directly from comparatively deep water; while the calm bright surface is often fretted by a delicate pattern of interlacing ripples; or reflects a second, softened, and inverted landscape.

To water, again, we owe the marvellous spectacle of the rainbow—"God's bow in the clouds." It is indeed truly a heavenly messenger, and so unlike anything else that it scarcely seems to belong to this world.

Many things are coloured, but the rainbow seems to be colour itself.

"First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),

While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away."

We do not, I think, sufficiently realize how wonderful is the blessing of colour. It would have been possible, it would even seem more probable, that though light might have enabled us to perceive objects, this would only have been by shade and form. How we perceive colour is not yet understood; and yet when we speak of beauty, among the ideas which come to us most naturally are those of birds and butterflies, flowers and shells, precious stones, skies, and rainbows.

Our minds might have been constituted exactly as they are, we might have been capable of comprehending the highest and sublimest truths, and yet, but for a small organ in the head, the world of sound would have been shut out from us; we should have lost all the varied melody of Nature, the charms of music, the conversation of friends, and have been condemned to perpetual silence: a slight alteration in the retina, which is not thicker than a sheet of paper, not larger than a finger nail,—and the glorious spectacle of this beautiful world, the exquisite variety of form, the glow and play of colour, the variety of scenery, of woods and fields, and lakes and hills, seas and mountains, the beauty of the sky alike by day and night, would all have been lost to us.

Mountains, again, "seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper." They are "great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud,

choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars."

All these beauties are comprised in Tennyson's exquisite description of CEnone's vale—the city, flowers, trees, river, and mountains.

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas."

And when we raise our eyes from earth, who has not sometimes felt "the witchery of the soft blue sky"? who has not watched a cloud floating upwards as if on its way to heaven?

And yet "if, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon

their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed."

But exquisitely lovely as is the blue arch of the midday sky, with its inexhaustible variety of clouds, "there is yet a light which the eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful, the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon."

The evening colours indeed soon fade away, but as night comes on,

"how glows the firmament
With living sapphires! Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

We generally speak of a beautiful night when it is calm and clear, and the stars shine brightly overhead; but how grand also are the wild ways of Nature, how magnificent when the lightning flashes, "between gloom and glory"; when

“From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder.”

In the words of Ossian—

“Ghosts ride in the tempest to-night;
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind,
Their songs are of other worlds.”

Nor are the wonders and beauties of the heavens limited by the clouds and the blue sky, lovely as they are. In the heavenly bodies we have before us “the perpetual presence of the sublime.” They are so immense and so far away, and yet on soft summer nights “they seem leaning down to whisper in the ear of our souls.”

“A man can hardly lift up his eyes towards the heavens,” says Seneca, “without wonder and veneration, to see so many millions of radiant lights, and to observe their courses and revolutions, even without any respect to the common good of the Universe.”

Who does not sympathise with the feelings of Dante as he rose from his visit to the lower regions, until, he says,

“On our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in the cave,
Thence issuing, we again beheld the stars.”

As we watch the stars at night they seem so still and motionless that we can hardly realise that all the time they are rushing on with a velocity far far exceeding any that man has ever accomplished.

Like the sands of the sea, the stars of heaven have

even been used as an appropriate symbol of number, and we know that there are more than 100,000,000 ; many, no doubt, with planets of their own. But this is by no means all. The floor of heaven is not only "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," but is studded also with extinct stars, once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz thinks that our own sun will be some seventeen millions of years hence. Then, again, there are the comets, which, though but few are visible to the unaided eye, are even more numerous than the stars ; there are the nebulae, and the countless minor bodies circulating in space, and occasionally visible as meteors.

Nor is it only the number of the heavenly bodies which is so overwhelming ; their magnitude and distances are almost more impressive. The ocean is so deep and broad as to be almost infinite, and indeed in so far as our imagination is the limit, so it may be. Yet what is the ocean compared to the sky ? Our globe is little compared to the giant orbs of Jupiter and Saturn, which again sink into insignificance by the side of the Sun. The Sun itself is almost as nothing compared with the dimensions of the solar system. Sirius is a thousand times as great as the Sun, and a million times as far away. The solar system itself travels in one region of space, sailing between worlds and worlds ; and is surrounded by many other systems at least as great and complex ; while we know that even then we have not reached the limits of the Universe itself.

There are stars so distant that their light, though travelling 180,000 miles in a second, yet takes years to reach us ; and beyond all these are others systems of stars which are so far away that they cannot be perceived singly, but even when grouped by thousands appear in

our most powerful telescopes only as minute clouds or nebulae.

It is, indeed, but a feeble expression of the truth to say that the infinities revealed to us by Science,—the infinitely great in the one direction, and the infinitely small in the other,—go far beyond anything which had occurred to the unaided imagination of Man, and are not only a never-failing source of pleasure and interest, but lift us above the petty troubles, and help us to bear the greater sorrows, of life.

The Pleasures of Life.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

My friends, I have been waiting for this moment. When Prof. Formichi asked me, to tell him what would be my subject this evening, I said I did not know; for you must understand that I am not a speaker. I am nothing better than a poet. When I speak, I speak *with* my surroundings and not *to* my surroundings. Now that I see your kind faces, your silent voice has reached my heart, and my voice will blend with it. When the heart wishes to pay its debt, it must have some coin with the stamp of its own realm upon it—and that is our mother tongue. But I do not know your beautiful language, neither do you know mine. Since, therefore, that medium cannot be used for the commerce of thought and sentiment between you and myself, I have reluctantly to use the English language, which is neither yours nor mine. Therefore at the outset I ask you to forgive me—those of you who do not know this

language, as also those of you who do—because my English is a foreigner's English.

Now I know what I am going to speak to you about. It will be in answer to the question as to what was the urging that brought me to you across the sea. Some time in 1921 I felt a great desire to make my pilgrimage to the shrine of humanity, where the human mind was fully awake, with all its lamps lighted, there to meet face to face the Eternal in man. It has occurred to me that this present age was dominated by the European mind only because that mind was fully awake. You all know how the spirit of great Asia is going through an age-long slumber in the depth of night, with only few lonely watchers to read the stars and wait for the sign of the rising sun across the darkness. So I had this longing to come to Europe and see the human spirit in the full blaze of its power and beauty. Then it was that I took the voyage—my voyage of pilgrimage to Europe—leaving for the moment my own work at Shanti-Niketan and the children I loved.

But this was not my first visit to Europe. In the year 1878, when I was a boy, barely seventeen, I was brought over by my brother to these shores. It will be difficult for you to realize what visions we had in the East, in those days, of this great continent of Europe. Though I was young, and though my knowledge of English was very insufficient, yet I had heard of her great poets and her heroes, of the ideal Europe of literature, so full of the love of freedom and of humanity.

Italy was my first introduction to Europe. In those days the steamers stopped at Brindisi, and I still remember, when we reached the port, it was midnight under a full moon. I came rushing up on deck from my bed, and shall never forget that marvellous

scene, enveloped in the silent mystery of the moonlight—the sight of Europe asleep, like a maiden dreaming of beauty and peace.

It was fortunate for me that Brindisi was a small town, a quiet place, not so aggressively different from the scenes to which I had been accustomed from my childhood. I felt sure that its heart was open to me, to welcome the boy poet, who though young was even in those days a dreamer. I was greatly elated as I left the steamer to pass the night in what I suppose in these days of progress would be termed a third-rate hotel, having no electric light or other conveniences. I felt that I was in the arms of this great mother Europe and my heart seemed to feel the warmth of her breast.

The next day I woke and, with my brother and an Indian friend, wandered into an orchard close by, a garden of paradise which threatened no punishment against trespassers. Ah, what delight I had that morning in the limpid sunlight, in the hospitality of leaf and fruit and flower! There was an Italian girl there, who reminded me of our Indian maidens, with eyes dark like bees, which have the power to explore the secret honey-cells of love in the lotus of our hearts. (You know, with us the lotus is the emblem of the heart.) She was a simple girl with a coloured kerchief round her head and a complexion not too white. That is, it was not a pallid lack of complexion. (I wish to be forgiven when I say that the complexion of whiteness is the complexion of the desert, not the complexion of life.) Hers was like that of a bunch of grapes caressed by the warm kisses of the sun, the sun which had modulated the beauty of her face, giving it a tender bloom.

I need not dwell at length upon the feelings I exper-

ience; it is enough to say that I was of the impressionable age of seventeen. I felt that I had come to a land of beauty, of repose and joy, which even at that time inspired my mind with the idea that one day I should claim its welcome for me.

With me it was a case of love at first sight; but for my companions it was but a fleeting moment, so that I was not free to stay, but had to continue the journey with my brother, who wanted me to hasten to my lessons in English. Being a truant by nature, I had always refused to attend my classes, and thus having become a problem to my elders, they had decided to send me to England to learn under compulsion the language which, according to their notion, would give me the stamp of respectability.

England is a great country, and I pay my homage to the greatness of her people, but I must be excused if I did not appreciate it at the moment. For an Indian boy such as I was, left there alone in the depth of winter when the birds were silent and the sun so miserly with its gifts, the country seemed on every side like a visible spirit of rude refusal. I was homesick and extremely shy. I was frightened at the sombrely dressed people who stared at me. From my lodging-house, facing Regent's Park, I would gaze with a feeling of bewilderment at its monotony of leaflessness through the mists, the fogs, and the drizzle. In a word, I was young—too young to enter into the spirit of England at that time. I merely glanced at the surface of things with my distracted heart always yearning for its own nest across the sea.

After a few months' stay, I went back home to India. But I dare not here give a recital of my idle days which followed to those of you who are young,

and for whom the example of a studiously strenuous life of usefulness would perhaps be more beneficial. I avoided all kinds of educational training that could give me any sort of standardized culture stamped with a university degree. I dreamt, wrote verses, stories and plays, lived in solitude on the banks of the Ganges, and hardly knew anything of the movements and counter-movements of forces in the great world.

Whilst I was in the midst of my creative work, there came to me an inner message asking me to come out of my seclusion and seek life in the heart of the crowd. I knew not what I could do. I had a love for children, so that I called them round me, in order to rescue them from the dismal dungeons of the educational department, and find for them that atmosphere of sympathy and freedom which they needed most. I chose a beautiful and secluded spot where, in collaboration with Mother Nature, it was possible to bring up these boys in a spirit of wisdom and love.

While I was still busy doing service to children I do not know what possessed me all of a sudden. From some far-away sky came to me a call of pilgrimage reminding me that we are all born pilgrims—pilgrims of this green earth. A voice questioned me: 'Have you been to the sacred shrine where Divinity reveals itself in the thoughts and dreams and deeds of Man?' I thought possibly it was in Europe where I must seek it and know the full meaning of my birth as a human being in this world. And so for the second time I came to this continent.

But, meanwhile, I had grown up and learnt much of the history of man. I had sighed with the great poet Wordsworth, who became sad when he saw what man had done to man. We too have suffered at the hands

of man—not tigers and snakes, not elemental forces of nature, but human beings. Men are ever the greatest enemy of Man. I had felt and known it; all the same, there was a hope, deep in my heart, that I should find some place, some temple, where the immortal spirit of man dwelt hidden like the sun behind clouds.

Yet, when I arrived in the land of my quest, I could not stop the insistent question which kept troubling me with a sense of despair: ‘Why is it that Europe with all her power of mind is racked with unrest? How is it that she is overcome with such a whirlwind of suspicion and jealousy and greed? Why is it that her greatness itself offers a vast field for fiercely contending passions to have their devil-dance in the lurid light of conflagration?’

When I travelled from Italy to Calais I saw the beautiful scenery on both sides of the railway. These men, I thought, have the ability to love their soil; and what a great power is this love! How they have beautified and made fruitful the whole continent with heroic sacrifice! With the force of their love they have fully won their country for themselves, and this ever-active service of their devotion, for generations, has given rise in them to an irresistible power. For love is the highest human truth, and truth gives fulness of life. The earth is overwhelmed by it, not because of man’s covetousness, but because of this life-giving shower of heart and mind that he has poured around him. How he has struggled to eradicate the obstinate barrenness from the inert! How he has fought and defeated at every step the evil in everything that was hostile in his surroundings! Why then this dark misery lowering over Europe, why this wide-spread menace of doom in her sky?

Because the love for her own soil and children will no longer suffice for her. So long as destiny offered to her only a limited problem, Europe did more or less satisfactorily solve it. Her answer was patriotism, nationalism—that is to say, love only for that and those to whom she happened to be related. According to the degree of truth in this love she has reaped her harvest of welfare. But to-day, through the help of science, the whole world has been given to her for a problem. How to answer it in the fulness of truth she has yet to learn. Because the problem has become vast, the wrong answer is fraught with immense danger.

A great truth has been laid bare to you, and according to your dealing with it you will attain the fulfilment of your destiny. If you do not have the strength to accept it in the right spirit, your humanity will rapidly degenerate; your love of freedom, love of justice, love of truth, love of beauty, will wither at the root; and you will be rejected of God.

Do you not realize how a rigid ugliness is everywhere apparent—in your cities, in your commerce, the same monotonous mask—so that nowhere is there room for a living expression of the spirit? This is the creeping in of death, limb by limb, in the body of your civilization.

Love can be patient. Beauty is moulded and matured by patience. Your great artists knew it in the days when they could gladly modulate all the riches of their leisure into some tiny detail of beauty. The greedy man can never do this. Factories are the triumph of ugliness, for no one has the patience to try to give them the touch of grace; and so, everywhere in God's world to-day, we are faced with what is called progress, a progress towards inhospitable ugliness, towards the eddy

of a bottomless passion which is voracity. Can you call to mind any great voice speaking out of the human heart in these modern days?

We have no doubt reason to be proud of Science. We offer to Europe our homage in return for her gift of science, now bequeathed to posterity. Our sages have said: 'The Infinite has to be known and realized. For man, the Infinite is the only true source of happiness.' Europe has come face to face with the Infinite in the world of extension, the domain of external Nature.

I do not cry down the material world. I fully realize that this is the nurse and the cradle of the Spirit. By achieving the Infinite in the heart of the material world you have made this world more generous than it ever was. But merely coming to a rich fact does not give us the right to own it. The great Science which you have discovered still awaits your meriting. Through what you have gained outwardly you may become successful, but you may miss greatness in spite of the success.

Because you have strenuously cultivated your mind in Europe, because of your accuracy of observation and the development of your reasoning faculties, these discoveries you have undoubtedly deserved. But discoveries have to be realized by a complete humanity—Knowing has to be brought under control of Being—before Truth can be fully honoured. But our Being, the fundamental reality in the human world, with which all other truths have to be brought into harmony at any cost, is not within the domain of Science. Truth when not properly treated turns back on us to destroy us. Your very science is thus becoming your destroyer.

If you have acquired a thunderbolt for yourself, you must earn the right arm of a god to be safe. You have

failed to cultivate those qualities which would give you full sovereign right over science and therefore you have missed peace. You cry for peace, and only build another frightful machine, some new powerful combination. Quiet may be imposed by outside compulsion for a time, but Peace comes from the inner spirit, from the power of sympathy, the power of self-sacrifice—not of organization.

I have great faith in humanity. Like the sun it can be clouded, but never extinguished. I admit that at this time when the human races have met together as never before, the baser elements appear predominant. The powerful are exulting at the number of their victims. They take the name of science to cultivate the schoolboy superstition that they have certain physical signs indicating their eternal right to rule, as the explosive force of the earthquake once might have claimed, with enough of evidence, its never-ending sway over the destiny of this earth. But they in their turn will be disappointed.

Theirs is the cry of a past that is already exhausted, a past that has thrived upon the exclusive spirit of national individualism which will no longer be able to keep the balance in its perpetual disharmony with its surroundings. Only those races will prosper who, for the sake of their own perfection and permanent safety, are ready to cultivate the spiritual magnanimity of mind that enables the soul of man to be realized in the heart of all races.

For men to come near to one another and yet to continue to ignore the claims of humanity is a sure process of suicide. We are waiting for the time when the spirit of the age will be incarnated in a complete

human truth and the meeting of men will be translated into the Unity of Man.

I have come to your door seeking the voice of humanity, which must sound its solemn challenge and overcome the clamour of the greedy crowd of slave-drivers. Perhaps it is already being uttered in whispers behind closed doors, and will grow in volume till it bursts forth in a thundering cry of judgment, and the vulgar shout of brute force is silenced in awe.

Personality.

THOUGHTS AT THE FERRY

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

My acquaintance among ferrymen is not extensive, but I cannot remember any that were cheerful. Perhaps there are none. The one over there, on the other side, who is being so deliberate—he certainly has no air of gaiety.

There is a wealth of reasons for this lack of mirth. To begin with, a boat on a river is normally a vehicle of pleasure; but the ferryman's boat is a drudge. Then, the ordinary course of a boat on a river is up or down, between banks that can provide excitement, and around bends, each one of which may reveal adventure; but the ferryman's boat must constantly cross from side to side, always from the same spot to the same spot and back again, which is subversive of joy. All that the ferryman knows of the true purposes of a river he gains from observation of others, who gaily pass him, pulling with the stream or against it, and singing, perhaps, as they row. Did a ferryman ever sing?

There was, when I was a boy, a pretty song about Twickenham Ferry, but my recollections of it are that it was the passenger who sang: not, I fancy, in the boat, but before he entered it. If my memory is right, the fact is significant. In the company of such taciturnity and gloom, who could carol?

The ferryman, again, must never leave his post. All the world may go wayfaring, but not he. To cross a river is in itself nothing; but to come, from somewhere unknown, to the bank of the river, cross it, and pass on to unknown bournes on the other side—that is an enterprise, and that is what every one but the ferryman is doing. I have written before—it is a recurring theme of sympathy—of the servants of the traveller who live by helping him on his eventful way but never participate in any wanderings—railway porters, for example—and the ferryman is perhaps chief, because so much of the very matter of romance—a running stream—comes into his daily routine. There he is, in the open air, with the breeze to fan and lure him, and the racing clouds to lift his thoughts, and the exciting sound of water in his ears; all the enticements to rove, but he must not be a rover. For the rest of us (as it must seem to him), exploration; for himself, the narrow confines of the known!

And it is a peculiarity of ferrymen that when you want them they are (like this reluctant fellow) always on the other side. Not from any natural desire to annoy, but through a whim of the gods; yet how it must add fuel to their misanthropic fire! If every journey were with a fare, the ferryman might be a shade more cheerful, even though the payment is so trifling. Was there ever a rich ferryman? Has a whimsical million-

aire ever played at being a ferryman ? Has a Carnegie ever left a ferryman a legacy ?

And then the brevity of their companionships ! Not that most ferrymen seem to desire human intercourse ; but perhaps they did once, before the monotony of their task soured them. Down to the boat come the strangers from the great world—young or old, forbidding or beautiful, ardent or pensive—and howsoever the ferryman would like to hold them and talk with them, no sooner does the boat touch the farther bank than they are off again ! Does not that make for a certain moroseness ?

And what was the ferryman before he was a ferryman ? For seldom, I should guess, is his an hereditary post. Some kind of failure normally precedes ; and there again is cause for reticence.

Such friends as ferrymen possess are usually dumb animals. I have known more than one who carried his dog with him ; and once, on the Wye, I met one whose companion was a goose. No matter how often the crossing had to be made, the goose made it too. I used the ferry several times, and we were never without this escort ; and the ferryman (who, I am bound to remark, humiliating though it be, propelled his boat from side to side, not with honest oars, but by means of a rope) emerged sufficiently from his apathy to praise the bird's fidelity. "Here," thought I, "is surely the material for a pertinent apologue. 'The Ferryman and the Goose': the very title is *Æsopian*. Or—to be more satirical—the title might be 'The Ferryman and the Swan,' the point being that he thought it was a swan, but in reality it was only a goose." But I had no further inspiration. And yet, by a practised homilist, a good deal could be done with it with which to score off poor human nature. "Ah ! my friends"—surely it is fittest

for the pulpit, after all?—"Ah! my friends, may not each of us be as much in error as that poor deluded ferryman? Let us search our hearts and answer truthfully the questions: Do we know our friends as we ought? Does not their flattery perhaps blind us to their mediocrity? In short, are they swans or geese?" Ferrymen—— but here is our man at last! On close inspection, how dismal he looks!

The Phantom Journal.

SPIRITUAL TRAINING

MAHATMA GANDHI

THE spiritual training of the boys was a much more difficult matter than their physical and mental training. I relied little on religious books for the training of the spirit. Of course I believed that every student should be acquainted with the elements of his own religion and have a general knowledge of his own scriptures, and therefore I provided for such knowledge as best I could. But that, to my mind, was part of the intellectual training. Long before I undertook the education of the youngsters of the Tolstoy Farm I had realized that the training of the spirit was a thing by itself. To develop the spirit is to build character and to gain a knowledge of God and to have self-realization. And I held that this was an essential part of the training of the young, and that all other training without culture of the spirit was of no use and might be even harmful.

How then was this spiritual training to be given? I read to them from books on moral training. But that was far from satisfying me. As I came into closer

contact with them I saw that it was not through books that one could impart training of the spirit. Just as physical training was to be imparted through physical exercise, and the intellectual through intellectual exercise, even so the training of the spirit was possible only through the exercise of the spirit. And this depended on the life and character of the teacher. It would be idle for me, if I were a liar, to teach my boys to tell the truth. A coward of a teacher would never succeed in making his boys valiant, and a stranger to self-restraint could never teach his pupils the value of self-restraint. I saw, therefore, that I must be an eternal object-lesson for the boys and girls living with me. They thus became my teachers, and I learnt that I must be good and live straight, if only for their sake. I may say that the increasing discipline and restraint I imposed on myself at the Tolstoy Farm was mostly due to those wards of mine.

One of them was wild, unruly, given to lying, and quarrelsome. On one occasion he broke out most violently. I was exasperated. I never punished my boys, but this time I was very angry. I tried to reason with him. But he was adamant, and even tried to overreach me. At last I picked up a ruler lying at hand and delivered a blow on his arm. I trembled as I struck him, and I dare say he noticed it. This was an entirely novel experience for them all. The boy cried out and begged to be forgiven. He cried not because the beating was painful to him; he could, if he had been so minded, have paid me back in the same coin, being a stoutly built youth of seventeen. But he realized my pain in being driven to this violent resource. Never again after this incident did he disobey me. But I still repent that violence. I am afraid I exhibited

before him that day, not the spirit, but the brute in me.

I have always been opposed to corporal punishment. I remember only one occasion on which I physically punished one of my sons. I have therefore never until this day been able to decide whether I was right or wrong in using the ruler. Probably it was improper, for it was prompted by anger and a desire to punish. Had it been an expression only of my distress I should have considered it justified. But the motive in this case was mixed. This incident set me thinking and taught me a better method of correcting students. I do not know how that method would have availed on the occasion in question. The youngster soon forgot the incident, and I do not think he ever showed great improvement. But the incident made me understand better the duty of a teacher towards his pupils. Cases of misconduct on the part of the boys often occurred after this, but I never resorted to corporal punishment. Thus in my endeavour to impart spiritual training to the boys and girls under me I came to understand better and better the power of the spirit.

It was at Tolstoy Farm that Mr. Kallenbach drew my attention to a problem that had never before struck me. As I have already said, some of the boys at the Farm were bad and unruly. There were loafers too, amongst them. With these my three boys came, in daily contact, as also did other children of the same type as my own sons. This troubled Mr. Kallenbach, but his attention was centred on the impropriety of keeping my boys with those unruly youngsters.

One day he spoke out. "Your way," he said, "of mixing your own boys with the bad ones does not appeal to me. It can have only one result. They will become demoralized through this bad company."

I do not remember whether the question puzzled me at the moment, but I recollect what I said to him :

"How can I distinguish between my boys and the loafers ? I am equally responsible for both. The youngsters have come because I invited them. To tell you the truth, it is quite likely that they and their guardians believe that by having come here they have laid me under an obligation. That they have to put up with a good deal of inconvenience here, you and I know very well. But my duty is clear. I must have them here, and therefore my boys also must needs live with them. And surely you do not want me to teach my boys to feel from to-day that they are superior to other boys ! To put that sense of superiority into their heads would be to lead them astray. This association with other boys will be a good discipline for them, and they will, of their own accord, learn to discriminate between good and evil. Why should we not believe that if there is really anything good in them, it is bound to react on their companions ? However that may be, I cannot help keeping them here, and if that means some risk, we must run it."

Mr. Kallenbach shook his head, but the result, I think, cannot be said to have been bad. My sons were not any the worse for the experiment. In fact, I can see that they gained something. If there was the slightest trace of superiority in them, it was destroyed, and they learnt to mix with all kinds of children. They were tested and disciplined. This and similar experiments have shown me that if good children are taught together with bad ones and thrown into their company, they will lose nothing, provided the experiment is conducted under the watchful care of their parents and guardians.

It does not necessarily follow that children wrapped up in cotton-wool are proof to all temptation or contamination. It is true, however, that when boys and girls of all kinds of upbringing are kept and taught together, the parents and the teachers are put to the severest test. They have continually to be on their guard.

It became increasingly clear to me, day by day, how very difficult it was to bring up and educate boys and girls in the right way. If I was to be their real teacher and guardian, I must touch their hearts, I must share their joys and sorrows, I must help them to solve the problems that faced them, I must take along the right channel the surging aspirations of their youth. Once when I was in Johannesburg I received the tidings of the moral fall of two of the inmates of the Ashram. The same day I took the train for Phoenix. Mr. Kallenbach insisted on accompanying me. He had noticed the state I was in. He would not brook the thought of my going alone, for he happened to be the bearer of the tidings which had so upset me. On the way my duty became clear to me. I felt that the guardian or the teacher was responsible, to some extent, at least, for the lapse of his pupil. My responsibility in the matter in question became therefore clear to me as daylight. My wife had already warned me, but being of a trusting nature I had ignored her warning. I also felt that the parties to the guilt could be made to realize my distress and the depth of their fall, only if I did some penance for it. So I imposed upon myself a fast for seven days and a vow of having only one meal for a period of four months and a half. Mr. Kallenbach tried to dissuade me, but in vain. He ultimately accepted the propriety of the penance and

insisted on joining me. I could not resist his transparent affection.

The decision meant a heavy load off my mind, and I felt considerably relieved. The anger against the guilty parties subsided, and gave place to the purest pity for them. Thus, considerably relieved, I reached Phoenix. I made further investigation and acquainted myself with some more details I needed to know. My penance pained everybody, but it cleared the atmosphere. Everyone came to realize what a terrible thing it was to be sinful, and the bond that bound me to the boys and girls became stronger and truer. A circumstance arising out of this incident compelled me, a little while after, to go into a fast for fourteen days, the results of which exceeded even my expectations.

It is not my purpose to make out from these incidents that it is the duty of a teacher to resort to fasting whenever there is a delinquency on the part of his pupils. I hold that some occasions do call for this drastic remedy. But it presupposes clearness of vision and spiritual fitness. Where there is no true love between the teacher and the pupil, where the pupil's delinquency has not touched the very being of the teacher, where the pupil has no respect for the teacher, fasting is out of place and may even be harmful. Though there is thus room for doubting the propriety of fasts in such cases, there is no question about the teacher's responsibility for the errors of his pupil.

The first penance did not prove difficult for any of us. I had no necessity of stopping any of my normal activities, and it may be recalled that during the whole of this period I was a strict fruitarian. The latter part of the second fast went fairly hard with me. I had not then completely understood the wonderful

efficacy of Rama-nama, and my capacity for suffering was to that extent less. I did not know, too, the technique of fasting, especially the necessity of drinking plenty of water however nauseating or distasteful it may be. And then the fact that the first fast had been an easy affair had made me rather careless as to the second. During the second fast I drank very little water, as it was distasteful and produced nausea. The throat became parched and weak, and during the last days I could speak only in a very low voice. In spite of this, however, my work was carried on through dictation where writing was necessary. Regularly readings from the Ramayana and other sacred books were given to me, and I had sufficient strength to discuss and advise in all urgent matters.

A variety of incidents in my life have conspired to bring me in close contact with people of many creeds and many communities, and my experience with all of them warrants the statement that I have known no distinction between relatives and strangers, countrymen and foreigners, white and coloured, Hindus and Indians of other faiths, whether Mussalmans, Parsis, Christians or Jews. I may say that my heart has been incapable of making any such distinction. I cannot claim this as a special virtue, as it has been in my very nature, rather than a result of any effort on my part, whereas in the case of Ahimsa (non-violence), Brahmacharya (celibacy) and other cardinal virtues, I am fully conscious of a continuous striving for the cultivation of them.

When I was practising at the Bar, my office clerks often stayed with me, and there were among them Hindus and Christians. I do not recollect having ever regarded them as anything but my kith and kin.

I treated them as members of my family, and had unpleasantnesses with my wife if ever she stood in my way of treating them as such. One of the clerks was a Christian, born of Panchama parents.

The rooms of the house, which was built after the Western model, had no outlets. Each room had its slop-pails and utensils. Rather than have these cleaned by a servant either my wife or I attended to them. The clerks, who made themselves completely at home, would naturally clean their own vessels, but the Christian clerk was a newcomer, and it was our duty to attend to his bedroom. Mrs. Gandhi managed those of the other guests, but to clean those used by one who had been a Panchama seemed to her to be the limit, and we fell out. She could not bear them being cleaned by me, neither did she like doing so herself. Even to-day I can picture her chiding me with her eyes red with anger and pearl-drops streaming through them, as she was descending the stairs with the slop-pail in her hand. But I was a cruelly kind husband at that time, and regarded myself as her teacher, and so harassed her out of my blind love for her. Indeed, I was far from being satisfied by her merely carrying them. I would have her do it cheerfully. So I said, raising my voice, "I will not stand this nonsense in my house!"

The words pierced her like an arrow. She shouted back: "Keep your house to yourself and let me go!" I had forgotten myself, and the spring of compassion had dried up in me. I caught her by the hand, dragged the helpless woman to the gate, which was just opposite the outer stairs, and proceeded to open it to push her out. The tears were running down her cheeks in torrents, and she said: "Have you no sense of shame?"

Must you so far forget yourself? Where am I to go? I have no parents or relatives here to harbour me. Being your wife, you think I must put up with your cuffs and kicks? For heaven's sake behave yourself, and shut the gate. Let us not be found making scenes like this!"

I put on a brave face, but was thoroughly ashamed, and shut the gate. If my wife could not leave me, neither could I leave her. We have had numerous bickerings, but the end has always been peace between us. My wife, with her matchless powers of endurance, has always been the victor.

To-day I am in a position to narrate the incident with some detachment, as it belongs to a period out of which I have fortunately emerged. I am no longer a blind, infatuated husband, and am no more my wife's teacher. Mrs. Gandhi can, if she will, be as unpleasant to me to-day as I used to be to her before. We are tried friends, the one no longer regarding the other as the object of passion. She has been a faithful nurse throughout my illnesses, serving without any thought of reward.

Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story.

ON A DOG AND A MAN ALSO

HILAIRE BELLOC

THERE lives in the middle of the Weald, upon the northern edge of a small wood where a steep brow of orchard pasture goes down to a little river, a Recluse who is of middle age and possessed of all the ordinary accomplishments; that is, French and English literature

are familiar to him, he can himself compose, he has read his classical Latin and can easily decipher such Greek as he has been taught in youth. He is unmarried, he is by birth a gentleman, he enjoys an income sufficient to give him food and wine, and has for companion a dog who, by the standard of dogs, is somewhat more elderly than himself.

This dog is called Argus, not that he has a hundred eyes nor even two, indeed he has but one; for the other, or right eye, he lost the sight of long ago from luxury and lack of exercise. This dog Argus is neither small nor large; he is brown in colour and covered—though now but partially—with curly hair. In this he resembles many other dogs, but he differs from most of his breed in a further character, which is that by long association with a Recluse he has acquired a human manner that is unholy. He is fond of affected poses. When he sleeps it is with that abandonment of fatigue only naturally to be found in mankind. He watches sunsets and listens mournfully to music. Cooked food is dearer to him than raw, and he will eat nuts—a monstrous thing in a dog and proof of corruption.

Nevertheless, or rather, on account of all this, the dog Argus is exceedingly dear to his master, and of both I had the other day a singular revelation when I set out at evening to call upon my friend.

The sun had set, but the air was still clear and it was light enough to have shot a bat (had there been bats about and had one had a gun) when I knocked at the cottage door and opened it. Right within, one comes to the first of the three rooms which the Recluse possesses, and there I found him tenderly nursing the dog Argus, who lay groaning in the armchair and

putting on all the airs of a Christian man at the point of death.

The Recluse did not even greet me, but asked me only in a hurried way how I thought the dog Argus looked. I answered gravely and in a low tone so as not to disturb the sufferer, that as I had not seen him since Tuesday, when he was, for an elderly dog, in the best of health, he certainly presented a sad contrast, but that perhaps he was better than he had been some few hours before, and that the Recluse himself would be the best judge of that.

My friend was greatly relieved at what I said, and told me that he thought the dog was better, compared at least with that same morning; then, whether you believe it or not, he took him by the left leg just above the paw and held it for a little time as though he were feeling a pulse, and said, "He came back less than twenty-four hours ago!" It seemed that the dog Argus, for the first time in fourteen years, had run away, and that for the first time in perhaps twenty or thirty years the emotion of loss had entered into the life of the Recluse, and that he had felt something outside books and outside the contemplation of the landscape about his hermitage.

In a short time the dog fell into a slumber, as was shown by a number of grunts and yaps which proved his sleep, for the dog Argus is of that kind which hunts in dreams. His master covered him reverently rather than gently with an Indian cloth and, still leaving him in the arm-chair, sat down upon a common wooden chair close by and gazed pitifully at the fire. For my part I stood up and wondered at them both, and wondered also at that in man by which he must

attach himself to something, even if it be but a dog, a politician, or an ungrateful child.

When he had gazed at the fire a little while the Recluse began to talk, and I listened to him talking:

"Even if they had not dug up so much earth to prove it, I should have known," said he, "that the *Odyssey* was written not at the beginning of a civilization, nor in the splendour of it, but towards its close. I do not say this from the evening light that shines across its pages, for that is common to all profound work, but I say it because of the animals, and especially because of the dog, who was the only one to know his master when that master came home a beggar to his own land, before his youth was restored to him, and before he got back his women and his kingship by the bending of his bow, and before he hanged the house-maids and killed all those who had despised him."

"But how," said I (for I am younger than he), "can the animals in the poem show you that the poem belongs to a decline?"

"Why," said he, "because at the end of a great civilization the air gets empty, the light goes out of the sky, the gods depart, and men in their loneliness put out a groping hand, catching at the friendship of, and trying to understand, whatever lives and suffers as they do. You will find it never fail that where a passionate regard for the animals about us, or even a great tenderness for them, is to be found there is also to be found decay in the State."

"I hope not," said I. "Moreover, it cannot be true, for in the Thirteenth Century, which was certainly the healthiest time we ever had, animals were understood; and I will prove it to you in several carvings."

He shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, saying, "In the rough and in general it is true; and the reason is the reason I have given you, that when decay begins, whether of a man or of a State, there comes with it an appalling and a torturing loneliness in which our energies decline into a strong affection for whatever is constantly our companion and for whatever is certainly present upon earth. For we have lost the sky."

"Then if the senses are so powerful in a decline of the State there should come at the same time," said I, "a quick forgetfulness of the human dead and an easy change of human friendship?"

"There does," he answered, and to that there was no more to be said.

"I know it by my own experience," he continued. "When, yesterday, at sunset, I looked for my dog Argus and could not find him, I went out into the wood and called him: the darkness came and I found no trace of him. I did not hear him barking far off as I have heard him before when he was younger and went hunting for a while, and three times that night I came back out of the wild into the warmth of my house, making sure he would have returned, but he was never there. The third time I had gone a mile out to the gamekeeper's to give him money if Argus should be found, and I asked him as many questions and as foolish as a woman would ask. Then I sat up right into the night, thinking that every movement of the wind outside or of the drip of water was the little pad of his step coming up the flagstones to the door. I was even in the mood when men see unreal things, and twice I thought I saw him passing quickly between my chair and the passage to the further room.

But these things are proper to the night, and the strongest thing I suffered for him was in the morning.

"It was, as you know, very bitterly cold for several days. They found things dead in the hedgerows, and there was perhaps no running water between here and the Downs. There was no shelter from the snow. There was no cover for my friend at all. And when I was up at dawn with the faint light about, a driving wind full of sleet filled the air. Then I made certain that the dog Argus was dead, and, what was worse, that I should not find his body: that the old dog had got caught in some snare, or that his strength had failed him through the cold, as it fails us human beings also upon such nights, striking at the heart.

"Though I was certain that I would not see him again, yet I went on foolishly and aimlessly enough, plunging through the snow from one spinney to another and hoping that I might hear a whine. I heard none: and if the little trail he had made in his departure might have been seen in the evening, long before that morning the drift would have covered it.

"I had eaten nothing, and yet it was near noon when I returned, pushing forward to the cottage against the pressure of the storm, when I found there, miserably crouched, trembling, half dead, in the lee of a little thick yew beside my door, the dog Argus; and as I came his tail just wagged and he just moved his ears, but he had not the strength to come near me, his master.

"I carried him in and put him here, feeding him by force, and I have restored him."

All this the Recluse said to me with as deep and as restrained emotion as though he had been speaking of the most sacred things, as indeed, for him, these things were sacred.

It was therefore a mere inadvertence in me, and an untrained habit of thinking aloud, which made me say :

“ Good Heavens, what will you do when the dog Argus dies ? ”

At once I wished I had not said it, for I could see that the Recluse could not bear the words. I looked therefore a little awkwardly beyond him and was pleased to see the dog Argus lazily opening his one eye and surveying me with torpor and with contempt. He was certainly less moved than his master.

Then in my heart I prayed that of these two (unless The God would make them both immortal and catch them up into whatever place is better than the Weald, or unless he would grant them one death together upon one day) that the dog Argus might survive my friend, and that the Recluse might be the first to dissolve that long companionship. For of this I am certain, that the dog would suffer less ; for men love their dependants much more than do their dependants them ; and this is especially true of brutes ; for men are nearer to the gods.

On Nothing and Kindred Subjects.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE OCEAN

H.

Of all the sublime objects which Nature, in her infinitely-varying appearances, is constantly offering to our view, there is none which excites in the mind such lofty ideas of her real majesty and grandeur as the sea. Other objects in Nature are capable of exciting

these feelings, but not to so great an extent; a long chain of lofty mountains, traversing the whole width of some large continent, as those of South America, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, or the less gigantic piles of the Alpine or Pyrenean scenery, will compel us to feel irresistibly the vastness and magnificence of Nature; but still they are, comparatively speaking, easily travelled over, their altitude taken, their extent measured, till the eye becomes familiarized with their bulk, and considers them, in reference to the whole size of the earth, merely as insignificant mole-hills projecting from its surface; but the sea, stretched out in its mighty expanse, gives us some notion of immensity, at least more completely so than any other object which Nature can offer. There are depths and profundities in it which have never been tracked; it is true, indeed, that man can skim its surface, and traverse it to any extent and in every direction, but he can make no durable impression upon the ungovernable element, can never travel again in the same furrow, the waters close over it for ever, and present again the same aspect as before, never changed, except by their own motion, and never acted upon, except by the agents of Nature.

There is something magnificent and imposing in the changelessness of the ocean; age after age it maintains the regularity of its tides, never overstepping the barriers with which Nature has enclosed it, and never yielding that ground on which its waters first flowed, never showing its all-hidden channels, or developing those secrets which must for ever remain untold in the depths of its caverns and abysses; it still obeys the command of Deity, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Nor is there in the whole range of Nature a grander or more magnificent scene than the ocean in a storm, when deep calls unto deep, and its liquid mountains roll and break against each other, when it dashes to pieces, in the wantonness of its power, the strongest structures which can rear for the purpose of floating over its billows ; then it is that the proudest and bravest tremble and quail at the roaring and thunder of its waters. If we look at it in a calm, too, there is something almost as imposing in its aspect ; stretched out in its sleeping tranquillity, but looking fearfully deep, and its silence seeming like that of the lion when crouching for his prey.

And the treasures which it holds are well worthy the mysteriousness and seclusion and security of the casket. There, amidst its inmost recesses, amidst its caverns and hidden depths, are contained secrets which can never be divulged ; there the mighty monsters of the deep, many of them unknown to us, play and sport ; there the beautiful beds of pearl and coral hide their bright treasures ; there the tough and hardy sea-weed clings to its isolated and solitary rock, fathoms and fathoms below the surface of the water ; there, doubtless, lies many a beautiful spot which, if it could be elevated from beneath the superincumbent weight of waters, would be found some beautiful island, glittering with all the treasures of the ocean :

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Yes—they waste all their beauty upon its lonely and unseen caverns, where the light of day scarcely sheds sufficient radiance to create and preserve colour. And

oh, if the wave could speak in any other language than that of its own harsh thunder, how many tales of agony and suffering might it unfold! What myriads of our fellow-creatures have been swallowed up in its fathomless depths! What myriads of human bones bestrew the floor of the ocean! But not for ever shall they lie entombed there; the day will come when the deep shall be called upon to "deliver up its dead," and disclose the secrets it contains.

NOTES

OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

FRANCIS BACON, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans (1561-1626), statesman and philosopher. Author of *Essays* (1597, 1612 and 1625), *The Advancement of Learning* (1605), *Novum Organum* (1620) and *The New Atlantis* (1625). Bacon was a remarkable inductive or experimental philosopher. Tributes have been paid to his originality and the impetus he gave to the progress of modern discovery by such illustrious writers as Napier, Coleridge, Hallam, J. S. Mill, and Whewell. Dryden said of him :

“The World to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.”

Pope described him as “The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.” Addison declared that “He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero.” His *Essays*, which are the most popular of his works, convey profound and condensed thought in a style clear, rich, and epigrammatic. His moral character unfortunately bears no comparison with his mighty intellect.

P. 1. Note the three uses of study.

ornament : accomplishment.

in privateness and retiring : in privacy and seclusion.

judgment and disposition of business : in judging and conducting our business affairs.

counsels : advice. (Note that when the word means an advocate, the plural is the same as the singular.)

plots : projects.

to make judgment wholly by their rules : to arrive at a decision solely by the guidance of one's studies.

too much at large : too vague and general.

except they be bounded : unless they are guided.

without them : outside them. The meaning is that one

may acquire learning without being able to apply it to advantage.
That can only be taught by observation and experience.

Note the climax in *tasted, swallowed, chewed and digested*.
curiously: minutely, or closely.

flashy: insipid, tasteless.

P. 2. *Abeunt, etc.*: studies pass into the character.

stond: obstacle.

the stone: a hard formation in the kidneys and bladder.

reins: kidneys.

school-men: mediaeval theologians, who applied the rules of Aristotelian logic, and disputed over the minutest points.

Cymini sectores: those who argue over mere shades of meaning. Literally the expression means dividers of cummin-seed. They would now be called hair-splitters.

apt to beat over matters: able to argue from point to point.

receipt: prescription.

OF MYSELF

ABRAHAM COWLEY

ABRAHAM COWLEY, (1618-1667), poet and dramatist. Author of *Poetical Blossoms* (1633), *Love's Riddle*, a pastoral drama (1638), *The Mistressse* (1647), *Ode on the Restoration and Return of Charles the Second* (1660), and other works including his *Essays in Prose and Verse*. His prose, especially his essays, is now more admired than his verse. Hazlitt says of Cowley, "There is an inexhaustible fund of sense and ingenuity buried in inextricable conceits." Pope wrote:—

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forget his epic, nay Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart."

P. 2. *nice*: delicate.

grates: pains.

disparagement: under-valuation or detraction.

P. 3. *affections*: inclinations or tendencies.

bent: disposition.

inscrutable: not to be satisfactorily 'accounted for or explained.

constraint: outside compulsion.

prevail on: persuade, induce.

dispensed with: excused, exempted.

made a shift: managed, contrived.

ode: a lyric poem usually in the form of an address.

P. 4. *my means . . . high*: my fortune may be too small to be envied, but not small enough to be despised.

The unknown are better than ill known: it is better to have no fame than to have ill-fame.

Rumour can ope the grave: even the dead do not escape the verdict of the world's opinion.

entertain the light: occupy me during the day-time.

fitting . . . luxury: suitable for my needs, but not luxurious.

Horace . . . Sabine field: The reference is to the famous Roman poet Quintus Horatius Flaccus, (65-8 B.C.), and the country estate in the Sabine hills which was given him by the Emperor.

double . . . space: make the latter part of my life twice as long.

runs it well: spends his life wisely.

unbought sports: amusements obtained at no expense.

sun: used metaphorically for prosperity, as *clouds* for misfortune or unhappiness.

P. 5. *Spenser*: Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), author of *The Faerie Queene*.

dance of the numbers: the lilt of the metre.

letters: literature.

violent public storm: the Civil Wars, 1642-1651, begun in the reign of Charles I.

one of the best princesses: Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I.

P. 6. *militant and triumphant*: engaged in successful warfare.

French courts: Henrietta Maria was a French princess.

the paint: the artificiality and pretence.

adulterate: impure, not genuine.

storn...courage: a troubled life would never suit his disposition, however bravely he could face it.

His Majesty's happy restoration: the restoration of Charles II, in 1660.

which...fortunes: he thought it would be as easy for him to obtain some modest country seat as it was for others, with no more advantages or claims than himself, to gain great wealth and position.

shrewd: accurate.

P. 7. *Apollo*: God of poetry.

exchange: now the Stock Exchange, where great financial transactions take place.

wrangling bar: law courts.

a corps perdu: headlong, desperately.

capitulations: terms, especially of surrender.

Non ego, etc.: I have taken no false oath.

mistress: the Goddess of poetry.

P. 8. *Martial*: Marcus Valerius Martialis, (A.D. 38-104) famous as a poet and satirist, particularly for his Epigrams here imitated by Cowley.

quantum sufficit: of sufficient quantity, a term used in medical prescriptions.

from parents' care descend: be inherited from my forefathers.

a vestal flame: let the fire in the kitchen be like that in the Temple of Vesta in ancient Rome, which was never allowed to go out.

Ana: an equal quantity.

By Nature and by Fortune: both by character and position in life.

wine's opium: forgetfulness caused by drink.

P. 9. *Where poverty... knows*: where even the poor have more than enough for their needs and have all the essential things that even the rich could buy.

the ground... here: Cowley draws a contrast between the pleasures of country life and the troubles of town life. He says town life is expensive and makes one inhospitable. *Here* refers to the town and *there* to the country.

other three: the other three elements, air, earth, and water.

TRUE COURAGE

JOHN LOCKE

JOHN LOCKE, (1632-1704), a celebrated philosopher. For some years he taught Greek, rhetoric, and moral philosophy at Oxford, and afterwards practised as a physician. In 1667 he wrote his *Essay on Toleration*. In 1698 the Government of the day made him its advisor on the question of coinage. His fame rests chiefly on his *Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690). He is the master of a plain and clear style, which is, however, lacking in warmth and variety.

P. 10. *guard*: guardian, defender.

estate: condition, position.

management: training.

insensible: very gradual, imperceptible.

latitude: scope, extent.

P. 11. *laurels*: victories, for the Ancients gave the foilage of this evergreen tree as the highest mark of honour to victors or great authors.

discompose: agitate.

contemn: despise, disregard; in its derivation it differs from *condemn*.

apprehension . . . wanting: anyone but a stupid person is bound to feel some anxiety.

the man scarce himself: hardly himself, having lost his self-possession.

P. 12. *taken offence at*: taken a dislike to, been frightened by.

allays of fright: means that would help to decrease the fear.

exquisite: acute.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY

DANIEL DEFOE .

DANIEL DEFOE, (1661-1731), novelist, journalist and miscellaneous writer, was first a political pamphleteer, writing with blunt straightforward energy and sarcastic irony in the cause of liberty and Whiggism. Some of his chief pamphlets are his *Essay upon Projects* (1698), *The True-born Englishman*, which met with a remarkable success in 1701, and *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which caused him to be fined, imprisoned, and put in the pillory, in 1702. Though often encouraged by the Government, which to a great extent availed itself of his services, he frequently incurred its disfavour by his political writings. This made him take to fiction, and the greatest of his novels, *Robinson Crusoe*, appeared in 1719. *Captain Singleton* was published in 1720, and the *Journal of the Plague Year* in 1722. In all he published over two hundred and fifty works. Professor Masson says of Defoe, "In the main he drew upon his knowledge of low English life, framing imaginary histories of thieves, courtesans, buccaneers and the like to please a coarse, popular taste. On the whole, however, it was his own robust sense of reality that gave him his clear style. There is none of the sly humour of the foreign picaresque novel in his representations of English ragamuffin life; there is nothing of allegory, poetry, or even of didactic purpose; all is hard, prosaic, and matter-of-fact as in newspaper paragraphs." His writings are distinguished by a clear, nervous style, and his fiction by its air of sober and convincing realism.

P. 14. *Louis XIV*: King of France, (1638-1715).

John: John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722), one of the greatest of English generals.

Tamerlane or *Timur*, the founder of the Moghul dynasty in India (1335-1405).

Tomornbejus, the *Egyptian*: the last Mameluke Sultan, who was put to death by Selim in 1517.

Solyman the Magnificent: Sultan of Turkey, (1490-1566), famous as a conqueror and lawgiver.

Ottoman: comes from Othman or Osman, founder of the Turkish power.

hic jacet: "here lies", the beginning of the usual Latin inscription on a tombstone.

truckle-bed: low bed on wheels that may be wheeled under another. (To truckle means to cringe, and so the word suggests lowliness and inferiority.)

counterscarp: outer wall or slope of a trench supporting a covered passage.

oblivion: forgetfulness.

blust'ring engine: man who was exceedingly boastful and proud.

P. 15. *Pompey and Scipio*: great Roman generals.

Hannibal: the Carthaginian hero of the wars with Rome.

Methusalems: old men—from Methuselah, in the Old Testament of the Bible, the oldest man who ever lived.

antediluvian: before the Flood.

grateful Mistress: Queen Anne, who showered favours on the General not only because of his successes but because of the influence his wife had with her.

A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA

DANIEL DEFOE

Students would do well to note the restraint and realism of Defoe's writing. He often relates incidents which not only did

not really happen, but could not have happened. He tells his story so soberly, however, and makes such skilful use of incidents that are neither untrue nor uncommon, that the reader accepts what he says without question. The journey here described was never actually undertaken, but the narrative is full of perfectly convincing detail. The account of the fantastic number and size of the "elephant's teeth" and his other inventions regarding wild animals afford good examples of his method.

P. 18. *palisadoed*: made a fence round themselves as a protection.

fusees: small muskets or firelocks.

pan: the part of a flint-lock musket which held the priming or gunpowder. They were to make the powder flash without causing the gun to go off.

black prince: chief of the Negro tribe.

P. 19. *bass*: a mat made of bast, the inner bark of certain trees like the lime, consisting of several layers of fibre.

P. 25. *put . . . to his trumps*: made the utmost demand on his powers—metaphor from a card game.

THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE SPIDER AND THE BEE

JONATHAN SWIFT

JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's (1667-1745), the famous satirist, was the author of *The Battle of the Books* and *The Tale of a Tub* (1704), numerous pamphlets such as *An Argument against the Abolition of Christianity* (1708), and *Letters by M. B. Drapier* (1724), and the immortal *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver* (1726). "As an author," says Sir Walter Scott, "there are three peculiarities in the character of Swift. The first of these is the distinguished attribute of originality. The second peculiarity is his total indifference to literary fame. The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, he has never attempted any style of composition in which he has not obtained a distinguished pitch of excellence." Much of his energy was devoted to political and ecclesiastical controversy, in which he made powerful friends and bitter enemies. His career was checked by the personal hostility of Queen Anne and the rise

to power of his political opponents, and he retired to Ireland embittered and disappointed. Like Defoe, he possessed a wonderful power of making fiction look like fact, and he entertains the reader with the drollest fancies without showing a flicker of amusement himself. (See the extract from Macaulay on pp. 97-100) Where he differs from other prose writers of his day, such as Addison or Steele, is in the relentlessness of his satire, the savageness of his irony, and the unconcealed dislike of his fellow-creatures which in the end took almost complete possession of his faculties.

The passage comes from *The Battle of the Books*. The spider stands for Classicism and the bee for Romanticism, i.e., books written on fixed traditional principles and themes as opposed to books in which the imagination has free play in the choice and treatment of its subjects.

P. 30. *first magnitude*: largest size (generally used of stars).

spoils: remains.

turnpikes: gates set across roads to stop carts, etc., till a toll is paid.

palisades: or palisades, fences made of wooden stakes or iron railings.

constable: the chief officer of the royal household; etymologically the Count of the Stable. Often the title given to the governor of a fortress, and so here to the spider itself. (The usual modern meaning is policeman.)

fronting to: facing.

ports to sally out: gates through which he could dash out.

occasions of prey or defence: either to seek his prey or to defend himself against attack.

discovered: showed, revealed.

expatiating: wandering at large.

P. 31. *citadel*: the central place of security in a fortification or castle.

yielding to the unequal weight: sinking down because of the great weight thrown on the flimsy web.

to force his passage : to enter by force.

convulsion : violent motion.

final dissolution : the breaking up of the world, when all created things come to an end.

Beelzebub : the God of Flies.

acquitted himself of his toils : freed himself from the entanglements of the web.

posted securely : took a safe place.

was adventured out : had ventured to come out.

chasms : deep fissures or gulfs—great holes in the web.

dilapidations : debris, broken pieces.

at his wits' end : out of his senses, distracted.

stormed and swore : became terribly angry.

gathering causes from events : guessing the cause from the effects.

litter : confusion, disorder.

Good words, friend : note the difference between the abusive language of the spider and the agreeable words of the bee.

pruned : preened ; generally used of a bird trimming its feathers with its beak.

to droll : to make a joke of it.

kennel : mean dwelling ; by derivation, a shelter for a dog.

confounded pickle : annoying condition.

Sirrah : a contemptuous style of address connected with *Sir*.

P. 32. *you will spend your substance* : waste the material with which you weave your web.

By my troth : really ; troth=truth.

disputant : one who is arguing violently.

heartily scurrilous : thoroughly abusive.

disparage : demean.

rascal: originally one of the common people, but now a rogue or a knave.

vagabond: wanderer or vagrant; hence a worthless person.

pair of wings: metaphorically for imagination; note that the apparently abusive language of the spider is a compliment paid to the bee.

drone-pipe: bagpipe; referring to the buzz of the bee.

universal plunder: stealing the honey from flowers.

freebooter: a pirate or wandering robber.

native stock: material which I can draw from myself.

P. 33. *skill in architecture, and other mathematics*: in reference to the wonderful manner in which the spider's web is woven; metaphorically to the conventional principles regarding accent, metre, rhyme, etc., of the poets of the classical school.

materials are naught: in reference to the flimsiness of the web, and so figuratively to the uselessness of the productions of the classical school.

duration and matter: how long it will last and how strong it is.

flybane: poison for flies.

universal range: liberty to go anywhere and everywhere.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS

JONATHAN SWIFT

This is also taken from *The Battle of the Books*. Learning is compared to a hill whose higher peak has always been in the possession of the Ancients. The Moderns, who live on a lower level, are envious of their position, and they tell the Ancients that they must either change places with them or let them dig the higher summit down until it no longer interferes with their view. The Ancients reply that their home is on the solid rock which could never be dug away or levelled; but they offer to help the Moderns to raise their peak to the same

height. As no agreement can be reached, the two parties engage in a perpetual and inconclusive warfare.

P. 34. *Parnassus*: a hill in Thessaly, the seat of the Muses. Its two peaks were Pelion and Ossa.

the prospect of theirs: the view from their position.

the east: symbolically, the source of all light, i.e., awakening knowledge.

effects: belongings.

summit: summit.

shovels and mattocks: metaphorically, destructive criticism.

colony: in reference not only to their being new settlers, but also to their coming from the mother-country, i.e., owing allegiance to the Ancients.

aborigines: original inhabitants; those who laid the foundations of learning.

height of the hill: that is, the greatness of their knowledge.

P. 35. *shade and shelter*: figuratively, for the help given to the Moderns by the learning of the Ancients.

entire rock: that is, solid learning and achievement.

raise their own side: improve their own knowledge.

rivulets of ink: controversial books or pamphlets.

gall and copperas: gall-nut and copper sulphate, which are used in the preparation of ink; and so, metaphorically, bitter and poisonous language.

to keep itself in countenance: to avoid admitting defeat to itself or to others.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

RICHARD STEELE

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729) was the son of an Irish lawyer. He was educated in England, and formed in his schooldays the friendship with Addison which was so important in his career. On leaving Oxford he joined the Horse Guards and attained

the rank of captain, in which capacity he is depicted in Thackeray's *Esmond*. His first prose work, *The Christian Hero* (1701), a defence of the principles of religion as essential to greatness, won him royal favour, and in 1707 he was given the office of Gazetteer. In 1709, with the support of Addison, he started the *Tatler*, which was followed by the still more successful *Spectator* (1711), to which Addison was the chief contributor. Steele's literary reputation chiefly rests on the essays he wrote for these periodicals and the later *Guardian* (1713). The great charm of his papers lies, as Thackeray noted, in their naturalness. Steele wrote rapidly, perhaps carelessly, but with unlimited originality, good humour, warm feeling, and understanding. Addison may be said to excel in wit and scholarship; Steele in wide human sympathy and knowledge of the world.

From the *Tatler*, No. 181.

P. 36. *enjoy no relish of their being*: take no pleasure in life.

P. 37. *stealing by the crowd*: leading a quiet life, escaping notice.

the vulgar: common people.

manes: Latin for the shades of the departed; note the pronunciation, *may-nee-z*.

the benefit of nature: a piece of kindness on the part of nature (that sorrows fade in the course of time).

poises the heart: gives balance to our feelings.

P. 38. *amazed*: puzzled, bewildered.

battledore: (-door is incorrect), a child's toy, consisting of a light flat bat for striking a ball or shuttlecock.

sensible . . . grieve: could understand what was meant by sorrow.

ON SATIRE

RICHARD STEELE

The motto means: what could be strong enough to restrain my anger at the sight of all the wickedness of this city?

P. 41. *put . . . out of countenance*: abashed or confused.

impertinent applauses: undeserved praise. Note how Steele makes vigour and good-nature go together as the essential elements of true Satire.

P. 42. *unseasonably throw a man out of his character*: cause him to lose his self-control for no reason.

Virgil: Publius Vergilius Maro (70-19 B.C.) Roman poet, author of the *Aeneid*, in some respects the most powerful single influence on later literature among the Ancients. The saying refers to two obscure poets of his day who were fond of attacking the reputation of greater writers.

sots: fools; nowadays, usually drunkards.

best good man . . . muse: kind of heart but bitter and wounding in his poetry. The Earl of Rochester's description of the Earl of Dorset.

P. 43. *Horace*: Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65-8 B.C.), Roman poet and satirist. He exercised a vast influence on European literature in three directions (1) by his *Ars Poetica*, on the theory and practice of literary composition; (2) by his Odes and Epodes, on lyrical measures and diction; (3) by his *Sermones* or conversational verse satires and epistles, on what are known as *vers de societe*, verses touching in a light, reflective vein on the passing follies, fashions, and opinions of the day.

Juvenal: Decimus Junius Juvenalis, (A.D. 60-140) the fiercest of the Latin satirists. His satires, sixteen in number, give a vivid picture of the Roman life of his times. Their main aim was to purify the morals of a corrupt age.

a prince of the greatest goodness: the famous Emperor Augustus (63 B.C.—A.D. 14).

Domitian: Domitianus T. Flavius (A.D. 81-96), Roman Emperor whose early administration was marked by many beneficent acts. His excessive tyranny, cruelty and misrule in the latter half of his reign led to his assassination.

without he calls: unless he addresses them.

P. 44. *barefaced*: plain, outspoken.

upon personal considerations: on the grounds of some personal dislike or grievance.

four-and-twenty letters: the old alphabet which did not reckon I and J and U and V as separate letters.

satirists describe the age: a true satirist describes the general conditions of his time, and slanderers apply his remarks to particular individuals.

P. 45. *deference*: regard, respect.

nettled: irritated or indignant.

to pass off . . . a passion gratified: to be taken for an impartial opinion and not something said to gratify a personal grudge or grievance.

throws himself quite out of the question: leaves his personal interests out of the matter.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), essayist, poet, and statesman, was the son of an English clergyman, and, like Steele, was educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. His Latin poems brought him to the notice of Dryden and other eminent and influential men, and at the age of twenty-seven he received a pension to enable him to travel abroad and so qualify for diplomatic service. He returned to England where his pension stopped on the death of the king. His poem *The Campaign* (1704), which the Government commissioned him to write in celebration of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, won him fresh advancement. In 1707 he became under-secretary of state, and in 1708 secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1709 he began his contributions to Steele's *Tatler*, and his literary fame was solidly established by the essays written for the *Spectator*, which first appeared in March, 1711. His drama, *Cato*, was produced with great success in 1713. Three years later he married the Countess of Warwick, and afterwards took office again as one of the principal secretaries of state, retiring with a large pension in 1718. The close of his life was marred by an unfortunate quarrel with Steele. Despite a certain coldness and reserve in his character, Addison's wit and personal charm made him a general favourite

during his time, and later generations have never ceased to admire the combination of grace and dignity, learning, humour, and moral elevation in his writings. As Dr. Johnson says, "His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." See also the essays by Macaulay and Thackeray on pages 97 and 101 of this volume.

The "Vision" has been described as the greatest allegory in the English language.

P. 46. *habit*: dress.

P. 47. *qualify*: prepare.

genius: guardian spirit.

transporting airs: music which gives inexpressible joy.

captivating strains: music of a most attractive kind.

familiarized him: made him seem no longer strange or terrible.

soliloquies: talking aloud to oneself.

P. 48. *tide of eternity*: endless time, infinite duration.

consummation: end.

three-score and ten: the span of human life. The arches above that number are broken, i.e., human faculties are impaired after that age.

thousand arches: the Old Testament says that men lived for a thousand years in the ages before the Flood.

trap-doors: metaphorically, for the accidents of life which one cannot foresee.

entrance of the bridge: infancy.

P. 49. *hobbling march*: the unsteady walk of old people.

baubles: trivial and foolish pursuits.

scimitars, urinals: in reference to wars and disease.

harpies: fabulous birds with a woman's face and body and cruel claws.

cormorants: voracious sea-birds about three feet in length.

P. 51. *accommodated*: suited.

ON THE ART OF FLYING

SAMUEL JOHNSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON, (1709-1784), was the son of a bookseller in the little town of Lichfield. After some experience as a school-master, he went to London in 1737 and did his first regular literary work for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He had already acquired a considerable reputation by his poems *London* (1738) and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), his drama *Irene* (1749), and his journal *The Rambler* (1750-52) when his celebrated *Dictionary of the English Language* was issued in 1755. *Rasselas*, his most popular work, appeared in 1759, and the ten volumes of his *Lives of the Poets* in two instalments in 1779 and 1781. His *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland* (1775) was the outcome of a tour in the company of his future biographer, James Boswell. Johnson's position as the literary dictator of his time was largely due to his scholarship and the remarkable conversational powers which gained him the devoted friendship of such men as Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, and Goldsmith. His qualities as author and critic had corresponding limitations. As Macaulay says, "Johnson in his biographies decided literary questions like a lawyer not like a legislator. He took it for granted that the kind of poetry which flourished in his time [the classical school of poetry] was the best kind of poetry. His remarks on the education of children, on marriage, on the economy of families, on the rules of society, are always striking and generally sound. The characteristic faults of his style are, his constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, his big words wasted on little things, his harsh inversions and his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even when there was no opposition in the ideas expressed." We owe an exceptionally intimate knowledge of his personal life, habits, and opinions to Boswell's *Life*, which is justly reckoned the masterpiece of English biography.

This extract is taken from Johnson's novel *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, which was written in the evenings of a single week to meet the funeral expenses of the author's mother. The story, enriched with all the charms of oriental imagery, and showing all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads one through the most important scenes of human life. Johnson makes the savages of Abyssinia even more civilised than most of the Englishmen of his own time. Flight by mechanical means was, of course, a vision of the remote future at the time when the story appeared. The selection given here shows all the robustness of Johnson's thought, and is to a large extent free from his mannerisms of language.

P. 52. *artists*: artisans or mechanics.

accommodation: convenience.

engines: contrivances, machines.

by the power of the stream: Indian students will be familiar with *Jalatarang* or the sweet musical vibrations that come from cups filled with water and struck skilfully with a rod, though the arrangement is different here.

open world: when he entered into the life led by the people of the outer world as opposed to his life as a prince shut up in the palace.

sailing chariot: a carriage propelled by a sail.

P. 53. *swifter migration of wings*: go more quickly from place to place by the use of wings.

passing the mountains: Prince Rasselas was shut up in a region from which it was impossible for him to escape, unless by secret flight.

suffered: allowed.

imagination prevails over your skill: you are more gifted with imagination than with the power to put your visions into practice.

grosser fluid: a liquid denser than air.

to proportion: to adjust.

P. 54. *curiosity is so extensive*: spirit of inquiry is so unbounded.

diurnal : daily.

pendent : suspended in air.

marts of trade and the fields of battle, etc. : an example of Johnson's "antithetical forms of expression," i.e., the use of ideas directly opposed to another.

regions of speculation and tranquillity : in that realm of thought and peace, far up in the air.

respiration is difficult : as we go higher, the air becomes thinner, and above a certain height it is not possible for human beings to breathe properly.

volant animals : flying creatures.

continuity : structure (peculiar use).

P. 55. "*If men were all virtuous*," : Johnson's anticipations have come true, for we have already witnessed the horrors which the development of flying has added to modern warfare.

light : alight.

BEAU TIBBS

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, (1728-1774), was the son of an Irish clergyman. He showed in his youth the improvident and unpractical character which was to keep him in financial and other difficulties all his life, and for some time he wandered at large about the Continent, reaching London almost destitute in 1756. He took up various occupations, and made more than one unsuccessful attempt, then and later, to pursue a medical career. His first success as a writer was with his *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* (1759), which brought him a good deal of other literary work. The year 1761 was important in his life as marking the beginning of his friendship with Dr. Johnson and the other members of his famous Club. In 1762 he published the amusing letters of an imaginary Chinaman, *The Citizen of the World*, and in 1764 his long poem *The Traveller*. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), one of the most charming stories in the language, was sold for him by Johnson to save him from arrest for debt. Amid a mass of other work for the publishers he produced his two stage successes *The Good-natured*

Man (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), and his finest poem, *The Deserted Village* (1770). Overwork contributed to his early death. Despite all his faults and oddities, his constant humour, kindness, and humanity endeared him to the greatest men of his time, and still make him one of the most attractive of English writers. As Masson says, "In all that he wrote there was the charm of his easy perspicuous style. No writer in the language has ever surpassed him, or even equalled him in that extreme simplicity, that gentle ease of movement, sometimes careless and slipshod, but always in perfect good taste." In the words of Johnson's celebrated epitaph, he touched nothing that he did not adorn.

Hazlitt regards this characterization, from Goldsmith's *Citizen of The World*, "as the best comic sketch since the time of Addison; unrivalled in his finery, his vanity, and his poverty." The extract has more than an autobiographical interest for Beau Tibbs not only resembles Goldsmith in not a few respects, but is also vividly representative of the condition and mentality of the poor writers of Grub Street.

P. 56. *dismissing the mind from duty*: giving the mind a holiday; taking a rest from thinking.

work my passions . . . disapprove: throw myself quite earnestly into the mood of the crowd.

first retire: move back a little in order to give themselves a good start.

as had nothing else to recommend them: had nothing noteworthy about them but their clothes.

doubling: turning at unexpected points to throw off a pursuer.

P. 57. *this half a century*: such a length of time.

to cultivate matrimony, etc.: humorous, to settle down as a husband and landowner.

His hat, etc.: students should note how famished authors tried to keep up a smart appearance in those days.

pinched: squeezed in.

twist: silk thread.

a sword: one of the articles of the dress of a gentleman in the Georgian period.

I hate flattery: though he says he hates flattery, it is just what pleases him most; and when others do not flatter him, he flatters himself.

a course of venison: suggesting that he usually indulges in rich food.

ever squeezed a lemon: another reference to the luxuries and refinements he enjoys. Lemons were not plentiful in those days.

Ned: affectionate and shortened form of Edward.

hold gold to silver: bet gold to the other's silver, since he is certain of winning.

poaching: here refers to his night escapades.

missed: made a mistake.

P. 58. *tete-a-tete dinner*: a private dinner for two.

egad!: exclamatory form; "By God" or "Ah, God."

nice: delicate.

an affected piece: a vain woman.

lend me half a crown: Note the anticlimax here. A man who is talking of two dinners and a thousand guineas tries to borrow half a crown.

I forget to pay you: The sum is so paltry that I may not remember it, unless you remind me of it.

If you meet, etc.: precisely the position of Goldsmith. One day he would be found in rags and another day dressed in fine clothes.

scarce a coffee-house acquaintance: hardly knows him at all, not even through meeting him casually at a coffee-house.

P. 59. *youth countenances the levity of his conduct*: people tolerate his absurdities because he is young.

the gravity . . . buffoonery: people will not be tolerant of foolish behaviour in a mature man.

studied contempt: intentional insult.

bugbear: imaginary object of fear, bogey.

FOOD AND MORALS

WILLIAM COBBETT

WILLIAM COBBETT, (1762-1835), essayist, political writer, and agriculturist, worked on his father's little farm in his early youth, and later enlisted in the army. He spent his spare time in improving his very scanty education, and quickly rose to the rank of sergeant-major. He served for some years in Nova Scotia, and after his discharge went to France and then to the United States, where his attacks on popular views and prominent persons in various newspapers and pamphlets led to legal proceedings and fines. He returned to England in 1800 and continued his political writings in his *Weekly Political Register* from 1802 till his death, at first as a Tory but afterwards in support of Radical views. In 1809 his forcible pen again brought him into trouble with the authorities, and he was fined and imprisoned. On his release he was compelled to take refuge in America for two years, during which he wrote his successful *English Grammar*. His well-known *Advice to Young Men* belongs to the same period (1819). When he came back he stood for Parliament, but was not elected till 1832. He continued, as Professor Saintsbury says, "to vent political ideas, sometimes generous, often mischievous, nearly always impractical, in admirable English. Besides direct politics, grammar, Church history, the currency, potatoes (their badness), maize (its goodness), and a thousand other things, occupied Cobbett's pen, while his *Rural Rides* give some of the most vivid, if not the most ornate, description in the language."

P. 59. *raiment*: clothing.

It is a sorry effort, etc.: Cobbett condemns the principle of telling people to be contented with their lot, even when they live in poverty and wretchedness. In his view, no one has a right to be contented with anything less than a happy, active, free, and comfortable existence. Though he admits that there will always be different ranks and degrees in society, he despises the man who will not make an effort to improve his condition. It will be seen that he regards the introduction of paper-money as the cause of many of the troubles of the poor. He is glad to see signs of better times and higher wages for the labouring

classes ; and he calls on them to make an effort to regain the high standard of living once enjoyed by their forefathers.

P. 61. *refinements of sickly minds*: the subtle reasoning of people who have not a healthy outlook.

THE TAKING OF SERINGAPATAM

JAMES MILL

JAMES MILL, (1773-1836), philosopher, historian, and political economist, was intended for the Church, but took up a literary career in London. His friendship with Jeremy Bentham, the founder of the utilitarian philosophy, made him the leading advocate of its doctrines. He worked for eleven years on his monumental *History of British India* (1818), and in 1819 received an appointment in the India Office, eventually becoming Examiner of correspondence. He was closely associated with the famous economist Ricardo, and in 1821 published his own great work, *Elements of Political Economy*. His *Analysis of the Human Mind* appeared in 1829. From 1831 to 1833 he was prominent on the side of the East India Company in the controversy as to the renewal of its charter. Indians have reason to think gratefully of him for his sympathetic attitude towards them and their views, and he is honoured as the father of a great defender of liberal principles, John Stuart Mill.

This narrative deals with the last Mysore War and the death of Tippoo. The campaign was conducted with lightning rapidity, and was all over in two months. While fighting gallantly in a narrow gateway, Tippoo was shot through the head by a soldier, and his body was with difficulty extricated from a heap of corpses.

P. 61. *breaching battery*: artillery intended to make a gap in fortifications to enable the attacking army to enter.

night of the 28th: April, 1799.

bastion: projecting part of fortification.

attended with increased effect: resulted in greater damage

P. 62. *put . . . on their guard*: warn them of the danger.

flank companies: regiments placed on the right or left side of the main body of troops to guard them.

grenadier sepoy: Indian troops trained to throw small bombs by hand.

conduct: command.

P. 63. *disaster of Colonel Braithwaite*: Colonel Braithwaite was surrounded by Tippoo's superior forces early in 1782 when he was encamped in the Tanjore territory during the Second Mysore War. All the British troops were taken prisoners.

retrenchment: a technical term meaning an inner line of defence usually consisting of a trench and parapet.

prematurely weakened: weakened early in life.

indulgence: free use, exercise.

estranged: alienated.

parasites: selfish hangers-on; a parasite is an animal or a plant living in or upon another and drawing its nourishment directly from it.

wretched pursuits: contemptible pleasures.

effeminate: unmanly.

congenial: agreeable.

relaxed habit: loose and undecided ways.

P. 64. *on the alert*: watchful and ready.

the one . . . the other: students should note that they are not used in the same way as *this* and *that*, but that *the one* should refer to the first mentioned and *the other* to the second.

Colonel Wilkes: the Resident in Mysore, and author of the *History of Mysore*.

carbines: short fire-arms for cavalry use.

P. 65. *colours*: flag.

cavaliers: a technical term as applied to a fort, meaning works of considerable height, overlooking the surrounding parts, as a horseman overlooks foot-soldiers.

enfilade: fire that sweeps a position from end to end from the side.

traverse: technical term for right angles in a trench or a kind of parapet protecting a passage in a fortification.

commissioned officers: officers of higher rank, holding the king's commission.

terreplein: pronounced like "tare-plane"; technical term applied to that part of the fortification forming the top of the rampart, where cannon are placed, or the level surface round a field-work.

galling: harassing, causing trouble to.

P. 66. *resigned*: gave up.

proximity: nearness.

the body: central portion.

influx: flowing in of persons in large numbers.

turban: head-dress.

palankeen: or palanquin, covered litter or chair for one, carried by four or six men.

P. 67. *Kelledar* (or Killedar): an important officer in an Indian palace.

embarrassment: perplexity, discomfort.

aversion: dislike

P. 68. *proposition*: proposal.

white flag: showing that the intentions are peaceful.

pike: long wooden shaft with a steel or iron head, formerly carried by infantry.

critical: dangerous.

P. 69. *reverse*: overthrow.

P. 70. *compliment of presented arms*: a sign of respect made by raising the weapon and holding it perpendicular in front of the body.

The pleasure . . . imply: even small acts of mercy and courtesy, shown at a time when passions are running high, are sometimes regarded as showing higher qualities than they really display.

glutted: indulged to the full.

The virtue . . . made it: the greatest virtue, would be to check the impulses which lead to such destruction, rather than to feel sorry when we have brought it about.

P. 71. *laying his hand upon the hilt*: with soldiers it is the highest form of oath.

promiscuous: mixed and disorderly mass.

P. 72. *chintz*: cotton cloth printed with a coloured pattern.

amulet: talisman or charm against evil.

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

CHARLES LAMB

CHARLES LAMB, (1775-1834), essayist, critic, and poet, spent most of his life as a clerk in the India House. When he was only twenty-one, his sister Mary murdered her mother in a fit of insanity, and Lamb, giving up his own hopes of matrimony, remained until his death the devoted guardian of his sister, who was always subject to attacks of madness. His first published works were four sonnets contributed to *Poems on Various Subjects* (1796), by Coleridge, his intimate friend from his schooldays, through whom he met Wordsworth and his circle. After publishing a romance, *Rosamund Gray* (1798), and two unsuccessful plays, he collaborated with his sister in the well-known *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807) and other works. His reputation was made by the selections and criticisms contained in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare*, and his collected *Works* were issued in 1818. They were so well received that he was asked to write for the *London Magazine*, the result being the inimitable *Essays of Elia*, first published in book form in 1823. In spite of the shadow over his private life, Lamb was singularly happy in his friendships with men of the highest gifts, whom he rewarded with some of the most delightful letters ever written. His style baffles analysis as it defeats imitation. One may note its more conspicuous elements—deliberate quaintness, caprice, humour, intimacy, self-revelation, pathos, tenderness, richness in quotations and allusions—but its essential secret was something that perished with one of the most attractive and lovable of men.

This is one of the most delightful pieces contained in the immortal *Essays of Elia*. Pathos and playfulness are exquisitely mingled in Lamb's reminiscences of his childhood, the old house

in Norfolk, his dead brother, and the lost sweetheart who might have been the mother of his visionary children.

P. 72. *Field*: Mary Field, Lamb's grandmother.

a hundred times bigger: an exaggeration, of course, to create an impression of vast size in the mind of a child.

P. 73. *Robin Redbreasts*: the birds who covered the lost children with leaves in the old ballad.

P. 74. *Psalttery*: the book of Psalms from the Bible.

Note how vividly and humorously Lamb describes the expressions and movements of the children as they follow the story.

Note the sentence "Then I told . . . common baits of children." Though it is almost thirty lines in length, divided by the profuse dashes which were a characteristic of Lamb's writing, the idea is clearly pursued throughout, and the reader never loses the thread of the sentence. Constructions of this kind ought not to be imitated, as they are only successful in the hands of such literary artists as Lamb.

the twelve Caesars: The Roman emperors, beginning with Augustus, who took the title of Caesar.

to be turned into marble: i.e., as he stood as still as a statue himself.

P. 75. *nectarines*: a variety of the peach.

John L—: Charles Lamb's brother, who died in 1821.

mettlesome: spirited; *mettle* is the same word as *metal*.

imp: mischievous little fellow.

P. 76. *make allowances enough for*: show him sufficient patience or tolerance.

Alice W—n: Alice Winterton, the name which Lamb gives to Ann Symmons whom he loved.

P. 77. *the children gradually grew fainter*: they are only imaginary children who vanish as Lamb awakens from his dream.

Bartrum: the name of the man whom Ann Symmons married.

Lethe: A river running through the infernal regions, whose waters make the departed spirits forget their past.

faithful Bridget: his sister, Mary Lamb.

ON SHAKESPEARE

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, (1785-1850), essayist, was the son of a Manchester merchant. He showed great intellectual brilliance in his boyhood, but his behaviour was erratic, and before he was nineteen he had run away to London and led the strange life described in part of his *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. He began taking opium while at Oxford, to relieve neuralgia, and gradually became a slave to the habit. As a young man he won the friendship of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, of whom he writes in his *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets* (1834), and he settled down in the Lake District for some years. He went to London in 1820, and the celebrated *Confessions* appeared in 1821. He now devoted himself to writing, and produced a vast number of miscellaneous essays, of which *Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts* (1827), *The English Mail-Coach*, *The Spanish Nun* and *Autobiographic Sketches* (1834) are the most noteworthy. De Quincey is perhaps the greatest master of the ornate rhetorical style in English; certainly no one has excelled him in describing the splendours and terrors of the land of dreams.

The passage selected, short as it is, is amply illustrative of the style of De Quincey. He writes with emotion and poetic fervour, yet his work is full of critical sense and shrewd observation.

P. 77. *station*: position.

irrevocably settled: literally, settled beyond recall, i.e., beyond any possibility of alteration.

not so much by . . . as by: This construction is repeated sentence after sentence to heighten and sustain the emphasis the author lays upon his statements. Such repetition is a well-known rhetorical device which should not be adopted except where the subject and the style are both exalted.

vast over-balance . . . acclamation: not by an overwhelming majority of votes, but by universal assent.

verge of idolatry: up to the point of looking upon him as an object of blind worship. Hindu students must note that

idolatry, the worship of images, is wrong in the eyes of Christians and Moslems.

as *by the acts . . . bread*: by the behaviour of those who feel that Shakespeare is as necessary to intellectual culture as food is to life.

P. 78. *eulogy*: open praise, as contrasted with *silent homage*, the reverence which is not expressed in words.

endless multiplication: in reference to the countless editions in which Shakespeare's works are issued.

compatriots: fellow-countrymen.

unanimous "All hail!" etc.: All the civilised nations of Christendom salute Shakespeare with one accord.

hasty partisanship: the thoughtless partiality which people show towards writers of their own period.

solemn award: conclusion arrived at after serious consideration.

obliquities: strayings from the right path or opinion.

countersigned: approved or sanctioned.

inquest: inquiry.

"*among the new terrors of death*": that is, by attributing bad work to an author who was no longer alive to disown it.

is among the modern luxuries of life: is an addition to life's enjoyments. Life is better worth living because we have his works.

extended the domains, etc.: Shakespeare's works have increased man's knowledge of himself and his world, and have revealed to him realms of beauty and animation of which he had hardly been aware.

A SWIM IN THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, (1792-1881), biographer and traveller, spent some time in the Navy, but deserted at Bombay and led an adventurous life in India for some years before returning

to Europe. He became the close friend of Byron and Shelley and when the latter was drowned and his body cremated, it was Trelawny who snatched the poet's heart from the flames. He afterwards went with Byron to help the Greeks in their struggle for independence, and married the sister of a rebel chief. His *Adventures of a Younger Son* (1831) and *Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author* (1858) give graphic, if not wholly accurate, accounts of remarkable episodes in an unusually picturesque career.

P. 79. *mining the banks*: wearing the earth away.

mural cliffs: the cliffs that rose up like walls.

P. 80. *voluptuously*: delightfully, giving intense physical pleasure.

siren: sea-nymphs who by their singing fascinated those who sailed by their island, only to destroy them; also spelt *Siren*.

P. 81. *extremities*: arms and legs.

vortical part: where there were vortices, or whirlpools.

to ship water: to swallow water, metaphor from a ship which becomes dangerously full of water through a leak or rough seas.

P. 82. *the distance and difficulty was equally balanced*: the distance was as great as the difficulty of swimming it.

I looked around to see . . .: with the instinct that comes to anyone in danger of drowning, who will clutch even at a straw, as the saying goes.

to blindly abuse: to misuse foolishly.

the excitement of a fool: there had not even been any foolish spectator to derive excitement from the exploit.

Aston: a junior lieutenant with whom Trelawny formed a close friendship during his period of service in the Navy.

P. 84. *the ball*: a bullet left in an old wound.

jugular vein: one of the large veins, two on each side, by which the greater part of the blood circulating in the head, face and neck is returned to the heart.

skiff: a light rowing-boat.

requiem : funeral service sung for the repose of the dead person's soul. From the Latin *requies* : rest.

the undertow : under-current.

spume . froth or foam.

P 85 *I must change my vaunting crest* : I must give up the ideas in which I took pride before : must alter my boastful motto.

you are not worth a damn : you are useless. Damn means a curse or a negligible amount.

almshouse : poor house, where the sick and aged poor are kept by charity.

WORK

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE, (1795-1881), historian, biographer and philosopher, was born at Ecclefechan, in Scotland. From the parish school he made his way to the University of Edinburgh, where he gave most of his attention to mathematics. He was for some time a schoolmaster, and afterwards studied law, and it was not until he was about thirty that he definitely dedicated himself to literature. The influential *Edinburgh Review* published a number of his essays, chiefly on subjects connected with German literature. *Sartor Resartus* puzzled and annoyed many of the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1833-34, but *The French Revolution* (1837) proved the turning-point in his career and made him one of the chief figures in the world of letters. His lectures on *Heroes and Hero-Worship* appeared in book form in 1841, and were followed by *Past and Present* (1843), *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (1845) and *Fredrick the Great* (1851), the result of fourteen years' labour. The remainder of his life was largely devoted to arranging his memoirs and those of his gifted wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Though Carlyle's attacks on popular political and religious ideas did not win him many adherents, his insistence on the gospel of Work, and his thunderous denunciations of shams of every kind, exercised great influence on the thought of his day. His style at once reveals itself as the most dangerous of

models for any student to follow, but no one can deny how admirably it is fitted to Carlyle's flow of exhortation, illustration, prophecy and humour.

P. 85. *perennial*: everlasting.

Were he never so benighted: however ignorant he may be.

Work, never so mean: however lowly it may be.

P. 86. *Nature's appointments and regulations*: the rules and principles of Nature.

withal: besides, in addition.

beleaguering: besieging; metaphor taken from enemies besieging a fort.

cultivating us: teaching and developing us.

A formless Chaos, etc.: in allusion to the creation of the world from the condition of utter shapelessness and confusion called Chaos. See Book II. of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Ezekiel: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel are the chief Hebrew prophets whose writings are contained in the Old Testament.

P. 87. *Even such a potter, etc.*: even the most favourable fortune can make nothing of a man who will not do some fitting work in the world.

amorphous botch: a shapeless piece of bad workmanship.

dim brute Powers of fact: facts are both hard to discern and difficult to overcome. The struggle with the stern realities of life calls up all the manly virtues.

Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723), the world-famous architect whose masterpiece is St. Paul's Cathedral, built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome. He was a distinguished professor of astronomy, a noted mathematician, and a man of the most brilliant gifts in every field. He was knighted in 1672 and elected President of the Royal Society in 1680.

black ruined stone heaps: the reference is to the ruins of St. Paul's after the Great Fire of London in 1666.

unarchitectural bishops: bishops who knew nothing of architecture themselves and hampered Wren's great enterprise.

red-tape officials: officials unable to look beyond their rules and regulations. Official documents are tied up with red tape.

P. 88. *Thy monument for certain centuries*: the Cathedral will keep the name of its architect famous as long as it stands.

Portland stone: so called from the island of Portland, on the south coast of England, where it is quarried. The characteristic of this stone is that it is hardened by exposure to the air.

Gideon: a Hebrew warrior, who was the deliverer of the Hebrews from the oppression of the Midianites and became one of the "Judges" of Israel. He asked God to give him a sign by causing a sheepskin to be wet with dew when all the ground was dry, and to be dry when the earth was wet. (Judges vi-ix.)

lusty rebuke: vigorous attack.

Norse Sea-king Columbus: In the earlier days the Norsemen, the men from Norway and the surrounding countries, were the most daring of sailors. Hence Columbus, who ventured into unknown regions and discovered America, is given this title, though he was born in Genoa, in Italy.

P. 89. *mutinous discouraged souls*: Columbus's ship was out of sight of land for so long that his crew grew frightened and desperate, and were on the verge of mutiny.

unpenetrated veil of night: the figurative darkness of the unknown parts of the world that lay before him.

mad South-west: the terrible south-west wind which threatened to wreck his ship.

encourage: fill with fresh courage.

a depth of silence in thee: he will keep his inner thoughts entirely to himself.

unsoundable: the depth of which is unknown. To sound, as a technical term, means to measure the depth of the water.

this tumultuous unmeasured World: the stormy unexplored ocean.

here round thee is: students will note the inversions that are a feature of Carlyle's highly poetic and rhetorical style. It is anything but the prose of clear statement, description, or argument, but it is most impressive for his purposes of exhor-

tation or denunciation. It should be noticed how splendidly it lends itself to being read aloud.

P. 90. *does audibly so command thee*: makes his wishes as clear as though they were spoken orders.

Kepler: Johann Kepler (1571-1630), was a German who became the greatest mathematician and astronomer of his times, and made many discoveries regarding the movements of the planets.

Newton: Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), the great mathematician and philosopher, whose most famous discovery was that of the law of gravitation.

acted Heroisms: heroic deeds.

Martyrdoms . . . divine: all suffering and death endured for the sake of a principle, of which the greatest example is the crucifixion of Christ.

the more pity for worship: the word "worship" has little meaning if work, as Carlyle has defined it, is not one of its noblest forms.

Even . . . Time: men remember and honour those who have done mankind some service, and it is only the memory of such men that makes the distant past anything but a vast and lifeless void.

PURITANS AND ROYALISTS

LORD MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, (1800-1859), historian, essayist, and politician, was the son of a wealthy and philanthropic merchant who had been governor of Sierra Leone. He was educated at a private school and at Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in classics. He then read law, but before he was called to the Bar his future was decided by the appearance of his essay on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, which drew the attention and admiration of the whole reading public to its author in a manner which now seems hardly credible. His literary success furthered his ambitions in public life. In 1828 he became a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and in 1830

entered Parliament, where he soon rose to office as Secretary to the Board of Control. This led to his being sent out to India in 1834 as a member of the Supreme Council. He remained in India for four years, and will always be remembered in the history of that country for his codification of the criminal law and his influence in deciding, as president of the Committee of Public Instruction, the future system of national education on Western lines. On his return to England he became Secretary for War (1839-41) and Paymaster-General (1846), and received a peerage in 1846. It was, however, his literary achievements that brought him his real fame and fortune. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842) were followed in 1843 by his collected *Essays*, said to be the one book which every Englishman was sure to possess in addition to the Bible. In 1848 he published the first two volumes of his *History of England*, which had a colossal sale. The third and fourth volumes were issued in 1855, but the work was never completed.

Macaulay's critics lay stress on his dogmatism, partisanship and materialism, and his use of tricks on antithesis and paradox that tend to pall on the reader, but it is doubtful if anyone ever placed such vast knowledge and so amazing a memory at the service of history, or made the subject so vivid and alluring to a greater multitude of readers.

P. 91. *lie on the surface*: can plainly be seen.

He that runs may read: an idiomatic expression, Biblical in origin, meaning that they are clear even to a hasty observer.

invective: abuse.

derision: contempt, ridicule.

licentiousness: not in its usual sense of immorality, but meaning unrestrained offensiveness. There was practically no check on what could be said in newspapers and plays at that period.

ostentatious simplicity: simplicity that was intended to be conspicuous.

sour aspect: gloomy looks.

nasal twang: unpleasant way of speaking through the nose.

long graces: long prayers before and after a meal.

fair game: a fitting object of ridicule.

eventful years: the period of the Civil Wars, 1642-1651.

unpromising materials: men who would never have been expected to make fine soldiers.

P. 92. *freemasonry*: brotherhood with an elaborate ritual and system of secret signs.

friars: members of religious orders.

Bassanio: a character in *The Merchant of Venice*.

Death's head and Fool's head: contained in the gold and silver caskets opened by two of Portia's suitors in the play.

the treasure: Portia's portrait, which entitled Bassanio to her hand and fortune.

P. 93 *registers of heralds*: records of noble families kept by the College of Heralds.

Book of Life: the records of the good and just that are kept in Heaven.

spirits of light and darkness: angels and devils.

Evangelist: one of the writers of the four Gospels.

vulgar: ordinary, commonplace.

the sun had been darkened, etc.: referring to the events recorded as having taken place at the Crucifixion of Christ.

P. 94. *He prostrated, etc.*: as contrasted "with he set his foot," etc.; a good example of Macaulay's trick of antithesis.

Beatific Vision: the blissful vision of God and the souls of the blest in Heaven.

everlasting fire: the flames of Hell.

Vane and Fleetwood: prominent leaders of the Parliamentary party under Oliver Cromwell.

intrusted . . . year: destined to hold authority during the period of a thousand years during which holiness was to be triumphant upon earth.

immutability: changelessness.

Stoics: followers of the philosophy taught by Zeno in the third century B.C. They believed that virtue was the highest good, and that therefore the passions should be severely controlled,

and no heed paid to pleasure and pain. Thus a stoic is a person of great self-control or fortitude.

P. 95. *Sir Artegale*: the hero of the fifth Book of Spencer's *Faerie Queene*. He personifies Justice.

Talus: in the *Faerie Queene*, acts as the servant of Sir Artegale, chastising offenders with an iron rod or flail.

popery: the Roman Catholic faith.

Dunstans: referring to St. Dunstan (924-988), the great Abbot of Glastonbury and Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the adviser to several English kings.

De Montforts: Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester (1208-1265), was married to the sister of Henry III. He was the leader of the rising of the barons against the tyranny of the king. It was he who caused the first real English Parliament to be summoned.

Dominics: from St. Dominic (1170-1221), who founded the order of Preaching Friars called the Dominicans.

Escobars: Escobar y Mendoza (1589-1669), a Spanish Jesuit, whose doctrine that a high motive justifies doubtful actions was attacked in the *Provincial Letters* of the great French philosopher Pascal.

Whitefriars: a part of the City of London named after a monastery of White Friars which formerly stood in Water Lane.

P. 96. *we yet cannot refrain, etc.*: we are bound to feel some admiration for.

*mute*s: people deprived of their speech so that they could not betray their master's secrets.

janissaries: the Turkish infantry, who formed the Sultan's guard.

freedom in their subserviency: a good example of antithesis; though subordinate, in certain respects, they were free in other ways.

romantic honour: a sense of honour based not on practical considerations but on traditional sentiment.

Duessa: etymologically, double mind or false-faith. In the *Faerie Queene*, a character who is the daughter of False-

hood and Shame. She assumes various disguises in order to beguile the Red-Cross Knight.

Red-Cross Knight: the hero of the *Facie Queene*. He is the personification of holiness, allegorically representing the Church of England. He is sent forth by the Queen to slay a dragon which is ravaging the kingdom.

the Round Table: made by the wizard Merlin for the old British king Pendragon. It came to King Arthur when he married Guinevere, and had room round it for one hundred and fifty knights. In this case, it refers by metonymy to the celebrated Knights of the Round Table, such as Galahad, Gawain, Lancelot, and Tristram.

P. 97. *polite learning*: such accomplishments as go to make a man cultured, cultivated and well-bred.

ADDISON'S WIT AND HUMOUR

LORD MACAULAY

P. 97. *Butler*: Samuel Butler (1600-1680), author of *Hudibras*, a famous satirical poem attacking the Puritans.

analogies: comparisons.

Sir Godfrey Kneller: (1646-1723), Court painter to Charles II., James II., and William III.

Spectators: the journal in which so many of Addison's essays were first published.

ingenious: clever; note the spelling and distinguish it from *ingenuous*, with which it is often confused; *ingenuous* means open, frank, simple.

faculty of invention: power of imagination.

Clarendon: the Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), author of the *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England*, which contains many celebrated character studies of the great men of the time.

Cervantes: Miguel Saavedra de Cervantes (1547-1616), the Spanish novelist and dramatist who wrote *Don Quixote*.

P. 98. *Voltaire*: (1694-1778), French poet, dramatist and philosopher; the representative man of letters of the eighteenth

century in France, renowned for his work on behalf of religious and political freedom.

invincible gravity: an air of seriousness that nothing can conquer.

commination service: an English Church service reciting Divine threats against sinners.

demure serenity: sober calm.

P. 99. *Jack Pudding*: buffoon or clown.

Cynic: a person inclined to scoff or sneer at everything noble. The first Cynics belonged to an austere sect of philosophers founded by Antisthenes.

Abbe Coyer: (1707-1782), tutor to the prince of Touraine. He was the cleverest imitator of Voltaire's humour. The *Letter to Pansophe* is one of his most amusing works.

Academicians of Paris: The French Academy is the highest tribunal of literary and other merit in the country.

Arbuthnot: John Arbuthnot (1675-1735), author of *The History of John Bull*. Thackeray calls him "one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind."

"*World*," "*Connoisseur*," etc.: rival periodicals of Addison's time.

Great First Cause: God.

awful enigma of the grave: the tremendous problem of the fate of human beings after death.

P. 100. *Mephistopheles*: The devil; in Goethe's *Faust*, where he is responsible for the damnation of the soul of Dr. Faustus, he is next in rank to Satan.

Puck: the goblin Robin Goodfellow; any mischievous sprite.

Soame Jenyns: (1704-1787), a miscellaneous writer of the eighteenth century. Burke held a very high opinion of his style.

Bettesworth: Swift attacks this Irish lawyer in his poem *Brother Protestants and Fellow-Christians*.

Franc de Pompignan: Archbishop of Vienna. For his attack upon the French philosophers he was ridiculed by Voltaire in his *Letter of a Quaker to the Bishop of Puy*.

ADDISON THE MAN AND THE WRITER

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. (1811-1863), novelist and essayist, whose father was in the service of the East India Company, was born in Calcutta. He was sent home to England in 1816 and educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, where he made the friendship of several great men of the future, including Tennyson. He spent some time in continental travel before taking up the study of law, which he forsook for journalism. His losses on the periodicals he conducted combined with other misfortunes to make it necessary that he should earn his living, and he went abroad once more to study art. His gifts and his limitations are shown in his illustrations to his own books, and his success as an author never wholly consoled him for his failure as an artist. Returning to England, he contributed *The Yellowplush Papers*, *Barry Lyndon*, and other works to *Fraser's Magazine*, and ultimately captured general favour with *The Book of Snobs* and other papers which appeared in *Punch*. The success of *Vanity Fair*, issued in monthly parts (1847-48), put him on a level with Dickens. He consolidated his reputation with *Pendennis* (1848-50), *Esmond* (1852), *The Newcomes* (1853), *The Virginians* (1857-59), and attracted great audiences to his lectures on *The English Humourists* and *The Four Georges*. Minor works ran through the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which he became editor in 1860. Though he was one of the most sensitive and affectionate of men, he has often been charged with cynicism and bitterness because of his caustic portrayal of social foibles and hypocrisies; but to emphasise this side of his work is to ignore the inexhaustible humour, fancy, pathos and playfulness with which he delighted his readers throughout years of ill-health and deep personal sorrow.

P. 101. *fecundity*: fertility.

crop after crop, etc.: metaphors taken from agricultural operations, meaning that Addison had not had to exhaust his energies and gifts in earning his living with the pen.

subsoiling: turning up the earth just beneath the surface soil.

prolusions: preliminary efforts.

The Campaign: a poem glorifying the victories of Marlborough.

prize poem: a poem written with a view to securing a reward.

won an enormous prize: in reference to his appointment to a Commissionership worth about £200 a year.

calling: the true bent of his genius.

most delightful talker: in reference to the agreeable conversational ease of his writings.

bathos: fall from the sublime to the ridiculous.

cheerfully selfish: self-centred in a good-tempered way.

his marriage: with the Dowager Countess of Warwick.

P. 102. *in japan*: made of lacquer.

hoops: used for expanding the absurdly full skirts then in fashion.

the Garter and the Grecian, and the Devil: were coffee-houses frequented by people of different professions and political parties.

'Change and the Mall: see *Spectator* No. 1. The Exchange, in the City, and the promenade in St. James' Park, busy scenes of financial and social activity.

P. 103. *brain-cracks*: absurdities. Sir Roger de Coverley was a little "touched" in the brain.

apropos de bottes: see *Spectator*, No. 122. About nothing, irrelevantly.

Doll Tearsheet: name for a loose woman, from *King Henry IV., Part II.*

game-preserver: a landowner who keeps certain portions of his estates solely for the purpose of rearing partridges, pheasants, and other wild birds in readiness for the shooting season.

gentlemen in black coats: the Clergy.

P. 104. *tyewig*: small wig tied with ribbon.

Sabbath: a sense of quiet and peace, as on the weekly day of rest.

THE POWER OF TIME

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, (1834-1894), artist and author, was born near Oldham in Lancashire. After publishing an unsuccessful volume of poems, he took up landscape painting in the Scottish Highlands, but in course of time he decided that his gifts were rather those of a critic than an active painter. He made his home in France, and his *Etching and Etchers* (1866) was the first of a series of notable works on art and artistic technique, including *The Graphic Arts* (1882), *Landscape* (1885), volumes on contemporary French painters, and the monographs contributed to his famous monthly journal *The Portfolio*, started in 1870. To the general reader he is best known by the thoughtful and stimulating essays in *The Intellectual Life* (1873) and *Human Intercourse* (1884).

P. 105. *downright frivolity*: sheer trifling.

insidious: subtle, treacherous.

P. 106. *pursuits*: chosen lines of work.

prodigal: extravagant, wasteful.

parsimonious: thrifty.

vigilance: watchfulness.

inevitable limitations: conditions to which one must of necessity submit.

Sir Arthur Helps: (1817-1875), poet, essayist, and miscellaneous writer. His best-known work is *Friends in Council*.

besets: attacks.

meridian of life: the noon, the time of life's greatest vigour, i.e., middle age.

but the practical effect . . . importance: these sayings do not affect people's actual behaviour nearly as much as they should, in view of their importance.

P. 107. *Human life . . . invent them*: it was much easier to frame these sayings than it is to put them into practice amid the increasing changes and complexities of life to-day.

consummate: perfect.

hidden pitfall: a trap; a danger of which we are unaware.

good management: cautious conduct.

Sometimes . . . indeed: sometimes he has fallen into a trap although he acted on what should have been very good advice.

P. 108. *Captain Marryat*: (1792-1848), one of the most spirited writers of sea stories, the author of *Peter Simple*, *The Phantom Ship*, *Masterman Ready*, and many other popular works.

broadside: a volley fired by all the cannon along the vessel's side.

procrastination: literally, putting off till to-morrow; postponement.

friction of our legislative machinery: the delays and debates in Parliament before a measure becomes law.

P. 109. *crude and ill-digested*: not well designed or properly thought out.

mere activity is a waste of time: one can be busily occupied and yet not be using time profitably.

morbid: unhealthy, excessive.

judiciously deliberate: leisurely in a sensible way; not inclined to act in a hurry.

P. 110. "*Faerie Queene*": Edmund Spencer's great allegorical epic, already referred to above.

principle of thrift . . . avarice: not to think how one can spend least, but how one can spend it to the best advantage.

P. 111. *intensity or duration*: either by its vividness or by the length of time it lasts.

time-outlay: expenditure of time.

ironclad: a battleship covered with plates of iron.

Rossini: (1792-1868), the illustrious Italian composer who wrote such famous operas as *The Barber of Seville*, *Othello*, and *William Tell*.

overture: an orchestral piece preceding an opera.

macaroni: wheaten paste formed into long tubes, a favourite Italian dish.

P. 112. *In default of music*: if the music was not thrown out.

The blameable error . . . performance: There is no harm in doing a thing rapidly, but there is in misjudging the time it will take you.

Philistines: the name of a people in ancient Palestine who were enemies of the Israelites. Matthew Arnold uses the word to name people of no culture. It is used in that sense here.

Dickens: Charles Dickens (1812-1870), novelist, author of the immortal *Pickwick Papers*, *David Copperfield*, and other masterpieces.

Hogarth: William Hogarth (1697-1764), celebrated painter and engraver who caricatured the follies and vices of his time in the most brilliant manner.

Moliere: (1622-1673), French dramatist, particularly great in the field of comedy.

When these great students . . . desk: Hamerton says that the writers mentioned above would not have become great had they been compelled to learn from books instead of coming into contact with the doings of men at first hand.

P. 113. *Topffer*: Rudolf Topffer (1799-1846), Swiss artist, author, and journalist.

Claude Tillier: (1801-1844), French novelist and pamphleteer.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

LORD AVEBURY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, FIRST LORD AVEBURY, (1834-1913), banker, politician, and naturalist, was the son of a distinguished scientist, born in London and educated at Eton. At an early age he was made a partner in his father's bank, and he succeeded to the baronetcy in 1865, when he was already an established authority on a wide range of subjects, economic, monetary, and scientific. He was an active and influential member of Parliament, and his name is associated with much beneficial legislation on public libraries, open spaces, and ancient monuments, and in particular with the Bank Holidays Act of 1871. A man of great energy

and versatility, he showed unrivalled gifts as a populariser of such subjects as archaeology, statistics, philosophy, and natural history, while his more serious work in these fields brought him honours of every kind from all over the globe. He was raised to the peerage in 1900. The most successful of his numerous works were such volumes as *Ants, Bees and Wasps* (1882), *Flowers, Fruit and Leaves* (1886), and the pleasantly didactic series on *The Pleasures of Life* (1887), *The Beauties of Nature* (1892), and *The Use of Life* (1894). His critics were wont to make kindly fun of his addiction to quotation, of which the following excerpt affords many examples.

P. 113., heading. *And this our life, etc.*: 'As You Like It,' Act II., Sc. 1.

exempt from public haunt: not frequented by many people.

finds tongues in trees, etc.: all objects of Nature have something to teach man, and there is good in all things.

lava: matter flowing from a volcano.

P. 114. "*eyes,*" etc.: from the Bible, Psalm 115.

Ruskin: John Ruskin (1819-1900), author, artist, critic, and philosopher, who wrote *The Stones of Venice* and many celebrated works on art, economics, and conduct.

Emerson: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American philosopher, essayist and poet. He was a friend of Carlyle and a man of lofty morality and personal influence.

Miss Cobbe: Frances Power Cobbe (1822-1904), theological and social writer, much interested in social questions and philanthropic work.

Many . . . Beautiful: people come to know and love God through their appreciation of beauty.

P. 115. "*all the . . . minds*": by James Beattie (1735-1803), poet and philosophical writer, author of *The Minstrel*, a poem containing much beautiful descriptive writing.

Jefferies: Richard Jefferies (1848-1887), naturalist, essayist and novelist, whose *Gamekeeper at Home* and *Wild Life in a Southern Country* are full of exquisite and intimate descriptions of country life. His *Bevis* and *The Story of My Heart* are mainly autobiographical.

finch: name common to many small birds.

the formed maze: intricate figures formed by the shadows of the leaves stirred by the wind.

P. 116. *so that the longer . . . inevitable Time*: the hours spent with Nature give us more lasting impressions than anything else.

"The daughters of the year": the four seasons. From Tennyson's *The Gardener's Daughter*.

P. 117. *"If indeed . . . holy doctrine"*: from Thomas a Kempis or Thomas Hamerken of Kempen (1380-1471), the supposed author of the treatise *De Imitatione Christi*.

Wordsworth: William Wordsworth (1770-1850), one of the foremost English poets and interpreters of Nature, particularly of the lakes and mountains among which most of his life was spent.

Earth, etc.: one of Wordsworth's finest sonnets, "Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802."

A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines, each of ten syllables, expressing a single emotion. The form was invented in Italy in the thirteenth century, and when first introduced into England it followed the rules fixed by the Italian poet Petrarch. The Petrarchan sonnet is divided into two parts, the first eight lines being known as the octave, the last six as the sestet. The rhymes in the octave are arranged *a b b a, a b b a*. Those of the sestet must be different from these, but apart from that their arrangement is allowed many variations in the English forms of the sonnet. The Shakespearean sonnet, however, consists of three four-line verses or quatrains, all with different rhymes, and a concluding rhymed couplet. This particular sonnet of Wordsworth's is Petrarchan.

steep: bathe or soak.

Milton: John Milton (1608-1674), England's greatest epic poet, author of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, the poetic drama of *Samson Agonistes*, and such famous shorter poems as *Lycidas* and *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, besides the celebrated defence of the freedom of the press in *Areopagitica*.

P. 118. *The simplest note, etc.*: any note of bird-song borne on the breeze.

the common sun : "common" here means belonging to all.

Gray : Thomas Gray (1716-1771), poet, whose best-known works are his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and *The Bard*. He was also one of the greatest of English letter-writers.

formal garden : garden laid out in a regular or symmetrical manner as opposed to a natural garden.

Pp. 118, 119, etc. *Daffodils, etc.* : from Shakespeare's *Winter Tale*, Act. IV., Scene 3.

dim : delicate in colour.

Juno : wife of Jupiter and queen of Heaven.

Cytherea : one of the names of Venus, goddess of love, from the legend that she rose from the sea near to the island of Cythera.

that die unmarried : i.e., fade and fall early in the year.

Phœbus : the sun-god.

incident : liable to happen.

oxlips : a hybrid plant between primrose and cowslip.

crown imperial : a stately flower usually called the fritillary.

flower-de-luce : or fleur-de-lis (pronounced Fler-de-leese), literally, lily flower; the iris. Nowadays it usually means the heraldic figure representing this flower in the old royal arms of France.

blows : blossoms.

our navy : in reference to the old wooden warships built of oak.

the Druids : the priests of the ancient Britons.

Westminster Hall : the ancient building in which the earliest Parliaments met.

P. 120. *Guelder rose* : a plant with round bunches of white flowers.

translucent : allowing the light to shine through them.

Bryonies, Traveller's Joy : familiar climbing plants.

"*The woods were filled*" : from Tennyson's "The Two Voices."

P. 121. *delicate tracery*: the patterns made by all the small branches and twigs of the leafless trees.

Kingsley: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), novelist and historian, author of *Westward Ho*, *Hereward the Wake*, *Hypatia*, and *The Water-Babies*. Here the reference is to his *At Last*, an account of a voyage to the West Indies.

P. 122. *ice-chisel*: the reference is to the markings left on the rocks by the movements of the masses of ice in the Ice Age.

P. 123. *Lias*: blue limestone rock.

P. 125. *God's bow*: in reference to the passage in the Bible in which God promises, after the Flood, that He will set a rainbow in the sky as a sign that He will not again destroy the world.

"*First the flaming red,*" etc.: from *The Seasons*, by James Thomson (1700-1748), whose works marked the revival of romanticism and love of nature in English poetry.

P. 127. *Cenone*: a nymph and prophetess, wife of Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy. Paris abandoned her, and when he was brought back to her dying of wounds received in the Trojan War, she stabbed herself on his body.

Ida: a mountain in Asia Minor, the home of the Muses.

Gargarus: a mountain near Mount Ida.

Troas: Troy.

Ilion: the capital of Troy.

P. 128. *Hesperus*: the evening star. These lines are from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV.

P. 129. *From peak*, etc.: from Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

Ossian: A Scottish warrior-bard who lived in the third century. The epic poem *Fingal* and other works attributed to Ossian were really composed by James Macpherson (1736-1796). Dr. Johnson was prominent in disproving his claim that the poems were genuine translations.

Seneca: Lucius Annaeus Seneca (4 B.C.-A.D. 65), Roman philosopher, tutor and adviser to the Emperor Nero, who afterwards sentenced him to commit suicide.

Dante: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), the greatest of Italian poets. His immortal work *The Divine Comedy*, an account of

a journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, has been translated into almost every language of the world. These lines are from the celebrated version by the Rev. H. F. Cary.

P. 130. "*thick inlaid*," etc.: from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., Sc. 1.

Helmholtz: Hermann von Helmholtz (1821-1894). Starting life as a surgeon in the army, he acquired a world-wide reputation by his researches in mathematical and experimental physics, and physiology, particularly optics.

Students of this beautiful essay should note how skilfully Lord Avebury extends his survey step by step from the lowly flowers of the field to the remotest stars of heaven.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, born in 1861, belongs to one of the greatest aristocratic Brahmin families of Bengal. His father was the famous Maharshi Devendranath Tagore. He has given in his works some very interesting particulars regarding the influences that moulded his earlier career. Some of the most important of these were the religious teachings of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the intellectual stimulus given by the celebrated Bengali novelist, Bankin Chandra Chatterjee, and the national movement started in his country, which stimulated the political aspirations of Indians as a whole. He first lived in Calcutta, but went into the country at the age of twenty-four to take charge of his father's estates. It was there that he wrote many of the works—prose, poetry, drama, and musical settings to his own lyrics—which made his name famous throughout India and eventually conquered the admiration of the Western world. Led by the great Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, who wrote the introduction to the English version of *Gitanjali*, writers and thinkers throughout Europe and America have borne eloquent tribute to the beauty and nobility of the writings of "the Poet-Laureate of Asia". He himself says that he is a revolutionary in his ideas, whether on religion, poetic composition, or even music. His religion, as he tells us, is essentially a poet's religion. Though he is a cosmopolitan and not a conservative in his outlook on

life, he is a staunch nationalist and he never wearies of carrying the message of India, a message of spirituality, peace, and goodwill, to the remotest corners of the intellectual world. There is hardly any country of importance to which he has not been invited to address great audiences on the problems and aspirations of his own country, and the general spiritual and moral welfare of men and nations. His work and benefactions as the founder of the school at Shanti-Niketan, afterwards the International Institution of Visva-Bharati, give him yet another claim upon our admiration and gratitude. It may be said, indeed, that the Indian Renaissance has chiefly been brought about by the selfless efforts of the country's two greatest men, Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore.

This address was delivered at Milan in Italy.

P. 131. *I speak with my surroundings*: He means that he does not come with a set speech that could be delivered anywhere, but says what is inspired by the actual audience before him, and what is in keeping with its spirit.

P. 132. *lonely watchers*: a few great leaders, like astronomers at their work when the rest of the world is asleep.

P. 133. Students should note the poetic similes of Dr. Tagore as in the comparison of the moonlit landscape to "a maiden dreaming of beauty and peace."

P. 135. *an inner message*: The title of this address, "The Voice of Humanity," is explained as the poet relates how, after years spent in intellectual pursuits, but in an irresponsible and solitary manner, he received the call to come out of his seclusion and seek light in the heart of the crowd. Children first attracted him, and travel came after, to put him in touch with a large humanity.

sad when he saw . . . man: Wordsworth often makes reference, particularly in his sonnets, to the harm that men have done to their fellows from ambition and other motives. He is very bitter against Napoleon. Probably the speaker had in mind the "Lines Written in Early Spring"—

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

P. 137, etc. *the triumph of ugliness, etc.*: Dr. Tagore admires the achievements of science and welcomes the material progress of the world, but he is impressed by the ugliness of an industrial civilisation as shown in and around its factories. Scientific knowledge and mastery over the material world not only do not bring inner contentment, but are a terrible danger to mankind unless men realise the great spiritual truths behind all things. One such truth is the unity of mankind as opposed to the desires and ambitions of individual nations, and only those races will continue to thrive who recognise this and are noble enough to act in accordance with it.

THOUGHTS AT THE FERRY

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS, born in 1868, author, editor and publisher, is one of the most versatile and pleasing of modern writers in the lighter vein. His most conspicuous and permanent contribution to literature is perhaps his celebrated edition of the Works and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, and his lengthier works include such attractive novels as *Mr. Ingleside* and *Over Bemerton's*, a series of highly individual guide-books, *A Wanderer in London*, etc., and his studies of Vermeer, Constable, and other artists. He has also been for many years one of the leading contributors to *Punch*, and has produced several delightful anthologies, such as *The Open Road*, *The Friendly Town* and *The Gentlest Art*. His own urbane and open temperament and his easy, digressive style, cultivated and allusive, but never heavy, and conversational without being commonplace, are best displayed in his numerous collections of essays, among them *Fireside and Sunshine*, *Character and Comedy*, and *Cloud and Silver*. His autobiography, *Reading, Writing, and Remembering* appeared in 1932.

P. 141. *Twickenham Ferry*: on the Thames near London.

taciturnity and gloom: silence and sadness. Travellers have at least some change of scene and avoid monotony. But a ferryman or a porter has the melancholy task of helping other people to go on journeys while he himself is tied to one place.

always on the other side: it is a common experience that when you are in a hurry to cross, the ferry boat is at the opposite bank.

add fuel to their misanthropic fire: give them still more reason to dislike their fellow-men.

If every journey were with a fare: the ferryman has often to cross the river without any passengers in order to pick up someone on the other side.

P. 142. *Carnegie*: Andrew Carnegie (1835-1919), a poor Scotsman who made a fortune of many millions in America, and distributed great sums in public and personal gifts.

brevity of their companionships: the short time they are in another person's company, giving them no chance to make lasting friendships.

forbidding: ugly, uninviting.

honest oars: used whimsically, to suggest that a rope is rather an ignoble device.

pertinent apologue: moral fable suitable to the occasion.

Aesopian: like the title of one of Aesop's fables.

practised homilist: anyone used to delivering moral discourses or sermons (homilies).

to score off poor human nature: to make hits at human nature, to make humiliating reflections on it.

P. 143. *as much in error*: we may be as mistaken in the value of our friends as the ferryman is in thinking his goose a swan.

does not their flattery, etc.: people are apt to be blind to the real character of anyone who flatters them.

SPIRITUAL TRAINING

MAHATMA GANDHI

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI, born in 1869, barrister, social worker, and political and spiritual leader, received his early education at Rajkot. He was still quite young when he left India to prosecute his legal studies in London. He was admitted to the Inns of Court and returned to India and set up practice

in Bombay. He accepted a brief which made it necessary to go to South Africa, and his sympathy and indignation were aroused by the conditions of Indian labour in that country. He drew no racial distinctions, however, then or at any other time, in his desire to serve humanity. He was in charge of an Indian Ambulance Corps during the Boer War and the Zulu revolt in Natal, and the loyalty he then displayed to the British Government was maintained unswervingly until the time of the Amritsar tragedy and the troubles that ensued. During the Great War he raised an Ambulance Corps and vigorously threw himself into recruiting activities to send a force to the front. After the War the introduction of the Rowlatt Act induced him to enunciate the principles of Satyagraha and go on an extensive tour of India to further the "passive resistance" movement. His later campaign for non-violent non-co-operation aimed at securing a speedier and wider extension of political privileges to Indians. He was frequently imprisoned, but the authorities fully recognised the sincerity and unselfishness of his purpose and the saintliness of his character, to which all the world now pays tribute. It was a great personal triumph for him when the South African Government took measures to improve the position of Indian settlers in the Union. In 1931 he was one of the principal figures at the Round Table Conference in London. His published works include *Indian Home Rule*, *Universal Dawn*, *A Guide to Health*, his political organ *Young India*, *The Indian National Movement*, and his *Experiment with Truth*—a marvellous autobiographical record. They are written in a style of great forcefulness and sincerity, and display a wonderful command of language. By his writings and addresses Mr. Gandhi has done a great deal to establish the Hindi language as the *Lingua Franca* of India.

This extract is typical of Mr. Gandhi's writings both as regards the excellence of the matter and the restrained simplicity of the language. It throws into relief some of the salient points of the author's character. Everything he attempts to do or has done is based upon high moral principles. Nothing exercises his mind so much as the well-being of the young. He believes firmly in the dignity of labour. He is willing to admit the reader to his private life and intimate thoughts. He is never ashamed to confess his faults. He is very chivalrous in his

treatment of women. The incidents of this passage took place some twenty-five years ago, and they will show how definitely Mr. Gandhi was wedded to the cause of the amelioration of the condition of the depressed classes long before the question was actually taken up.

The student will note how little importance Mr. Gandhi attaches to books in the training of the mind and character, and how much he attaches to personal example and influence and to putting one's principles into actual practice.

P. 143. *Tolstoy Farm*: the farm in South Africa was named after the great Russian novelist, philosopher, and reformer, Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910). Mr. Gandhi used to correspond with Tolstoy, and in many respects may be said to be a disciple of the Russian thinker.

culture of the spirit: spiritual teaching and training, which would enable the pupils to know God and to lead their lives and mould their characters in accordance with His will.

Note how Mr. Gandhi emphasises the influence of the character of the teacher upon that of the student.

P. 144. *self-restraint*: keeping desires and impulses under control.

They thus became my teachers: his duty to them compelled him to set them the best possible example in all respects. Thus their needs taught him how he ought to live and act.

adamant: very obstinate or unyielding.

overreach: outwit, get the better of anyone by cunning.

novel experience: because their teacher had never struck one of them before.

P. 145. *the power of the spirit*: how one could influence others, not by any outward actions, but by personal character and example.

Mr. Kallenbach: A Dutch gentleman who was very much attached to Mr. Gandhi and sacrificed a great deal to assist him in his political and social work in South Africa.

P. 147. *wrapped up in cotton-wool*: cotton-wool is used for wadding or packing fragile articles to keep them from breaking; hence, as in this instance, the phrase means "too carefully protected."

surging aspirations: rising hopes and desires.

Phoenix: the town in which Tolstoy Farm was situated.

my duty, etc.: Mr. Gandhi's sense of personal responsibility is such that he regarded the misdeeds of his pupils as being due to some error of his own in their training.

imposed upon myself a fast: this is an effective example of teaching by appealing to the spirit. Even the most hard-hearted offender cannot but be touched when another voluntarily suffers through his misbehaviour.

P. 148. *delinquency*: guilt or misdeed.

P. 149. *technique of fasting*: the principles on which fasting must be done.

conspired: combined or helped (not in a bad sense).

P. 150. *slop-pails*: buckets for removing dirty water or other liquids from kitchen or bedroom.

cruelly kind husband: an instance of oxymoron—cruel because of his emphatic insistence on his wife's doing what she disliked, and kind because of his real affection for her.

ON A DOG AND A MAN ALSO

HILAIRE BELLOC

HILAIRE BELLOC, essayist, poet, satirist, and historian was born in 1870, the son of a French barrister and an English mother. On leaving school he performed his term of military service with a regiment of French artillery, and afterwards had a brilliant career at Oxford. In later years he entered Parliament, but he grew disgusted with what he considered the hypocrisies and iniquities of public life, which he has attacked in so many of his writings. During the war he won a position of remarkable influence as a journalist and military critic. The most notable of his works, which are too numerous to be given in any detail, are his travel sketches, *The Path to Rome* (1902), *Hills and the Sea* (1906), etc.; the essays collected under such titles as *On Nothing*, *On Something*, *On Anything*; his biographies of Danton and Robespierre; *The French Revolution*, *The Historic Thames* and other books on history and topography; his satirical novels,

Emmanuel Burden and others; and his memorable *Sonnets and Verse* (1923). His prose style is markedly individual without being affected, and its vigour and conciseness, especially in controversy, are as noteworthy as its wit, imagination, fluency, and strong or subtle suggestion of the classic models from which he derives so much of his inspiration.

P. 151. *Weald*: the tract of level country lying between the North and South downs of Kent and Sussex.

P. 152. *Argus*: a fabulous person with a hundred eyes in Greek and Latin mythology.

luxury and lack of exercise: taking things easy and not using its eye.

Note the humour of Belloc in describing the dog as having been spoiled by its association with its master, the Recluse, and having adopted all kinds of human failings.

P. 153. *airs of a Christian man*: appearance of resignation, patient suffering, etc.

It seemed . . . hermitage: Belloc suggests that the loss of his dog had caused his friend the first direct human feeling he had known for many years.

which hunts in dreams: certain dogs often stir in their sleep, and make noises as though they were dreaming of chasing something.

P. 154. *a politician*: as this reference shows, Belloc has a profound dislike for professional politicians.

Odyssey: Homer's great epic describing the wanderings of Ulysses (Odysseus) after the Trojan War, and his return to Ithaca. He came home disguised as a beggar, and only his old dog recognised him.

the evening light: the sense of its describing the end of an epoch.

by the bending of his bow: Ulysses had left at home his bow, which no one else could bend. He proved who he was by bending it.

the Thirteenth Century: the period of chivalry in Europe.

P. 155. *we have lost the sky*: our thoughts no longer turn to nobler and diviner things.

